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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 851 SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1923. TWOPENCE.

SAVED
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Jaeger's Treacle
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT CONFUSE WITH THE OLD STYLE
3d. per lb. Canister

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

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(Signed) T. Basford

Don't miss this world's record bargain. Post the coupon below TO-DAY and get this

2/6

'Everpointed' Pencil

FREE!

Send no money. First see this bargain package for yourself. Try the Pen and the free Pencil for 3 days. Examine the workmanship; compare the pen with the half-guinea article. It is for you to decide.

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Send me your new model 5/6 John Bull Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

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CLITHEROE.—Mr. T. Moreton, 22, Wellgate.
ALLOA, SCOTLAND.—Mr. T. Cosmir, 16, Kirkgate.
WAKEFIELD.—Mrs. C. Newton, 6, Ingwell Street, Kirkgate.
YORKS.—Mr. F. Fawcett, 34, Mexboro' Road, Bolton Woods, Bradford.
NOTTS.—Mr. G. H. Carter, 11, Glen Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. N. Chapman, 33, Brooklease, Sea Mills.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. B. Scholefield, 2 96, Tower Street.
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. E. Osborne, 132, Rutland Street.
YORKS.—Mr. W. Robinson, 11, Marquis Street, Gibbet Street, Halifax.
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BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. Sprawson, 106, Irving Street.
Nr. HUDDERSFIELD.—Mr. A. F. Goodson, Gas and Waterworks, Clayton West.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. F. C. Hook, 32, Cuthbert Road, Winson Green.
CORNWALL.—Mrs. J. Edwards, 1, Ash Villas, Dean Street, Liskeard.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. Johnson, 2, Rosebery Street, Brookfields.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. C. M. Farquhar, 38, Cumberland Street.
ABERDEEN.—Mr. W. White, 4, Minister Lane.
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ST. HELENS.—Mr. T. Caulfield, 53, Appleton Street, Pensley Cross.
JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. Patterson, 14, Walter Street.
NOTTS.—Mrs. E. Smith, 11, Castle Street, Hill Top, Eastwood.
MILFORD HAVEN.—Mrs. McNally, 9, Manchester Square.
GLASGOW.—E. Wallace, Esq., 401, Gt. Eastern Road, Parkhead.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. C. Billingham, 9 148, Irving Street.
LURRY PORT.—Mrs. M. Evans, 18, New Street.
CORNWALL.—Mr. J. J. Matthews, Lower Sparnon, Mabe, Nr. Penryn.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. W. Chambers, 7, House 4 Court, Edward Street.
YORKS.—Mrs. H. Nutter, Plane Tree Farm, Hollock Lee, Mytholmroyd, Nr. Halifax.
ST. ANDREWS.—Mrs. H. Myles, 55, Market Street.
KING'S LYNN.—Mr. W. Wright, 70, Paleman Road, Fittleshall.
EDINBURGH.—Mr. T. Greig, 10, Saunders Street, Stockbridge.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. C. Call, 27, Meadowbank Crescent.
ISLINGTON, N.1.—Mr. G. Shelgrove, 180, New North Road.
KENT.—Mrs. E. Manchetlow, 6, Town Row, Goudhurst.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. H. E. Lawrence, 143, Cromwell Street, Westgate Road.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. J. Lowes, 143, Cromwell Street, Westgate Road.
STAFFS.—Mr. E. Allen, The Brighton, Silverdale.

Storm.

Damage up to £300

Nr. LEEDS.—Mr. G. Prince, Quarry Lane, Woodlesford.
LEEDS.—Mrs. I. Teale, 12, Tonbridge Place.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. J. Bodell, 620, Attercliffe Common, Carbrook.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. J. Milne, 30, Hinshaw Street.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. E. Menzies, 8, Hinshaw Street.
COVENTRY.—Mr. G. W. Stubbs, 85, Harnall Lane, E.

195

more benefits paid this week

TOTAL NOW

5,847

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Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Small-pox, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or Spotted Fever), Measles, Anthrax.

BURNLEY.—Mrs. E. Ward, 11, Waterloo Road, Burnley Wood.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. R. Bower, 73, Malinda Street.
GLAM., S. WALES.—Mrs. M. J. Herbert, 5, Hendrefadog Street, Tylorstown.
TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. A. M. Draper, 4, Fair View, Ashvale.
ABERSYCHAN, MON.—Mrs. A. Jenkins, 5, Old Road.

Gas Explosions.

GRIMSBY.—Mrs. C. Small, 22, Duchess Street.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. F. Blackman, Somerleaze, South Road, Portishead.

Burst Hot Water Pipes.

BERWICKSHIRE.—Mrs. Laidlow, Westerside, Coldingham.
ABERTILLERY, MON.—Mr. A. Cox, Yew Tree House, Royal Lane.
GLASGOW.—Mr. R. D. Dodds, 2, Battlefield Avenue, Langside.

Home Accidents £3 per week.

CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. S. Law, 7, Delaware Avenue, Evenwood, Nr. Bishop Auckland.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. Hodgkin, 13, Chancel Street, Park.
S. STAFFS.—Mrs. L. Turner, 30, Chapman Street, West Bromwich.

Home Accidents £1 per week.

Nr. DUDLEY.—Mrs. Hayward, Bromley Lane, Kingswinford.
Nr. BRIDGEND, S.W.—Mrs. E. Thomas, 9, North Avenue, Pyle.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. McIntyre, 15, Clyde Street, Partick.
OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.—Mrs. J. Flynn, 9, Gordon House, Haddonhall Street.
CWMTILLERY, MON.—Mrs. Collis, 5, Hill Street, Penyrheol.
LEITH, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. M. Shiels, 67, Bonnington Road.
Nr. WORKSOP MANOR.—Mr. W. J. Cole, 5, Council House, Clumber.
SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. M. J. Cannon, 29, Hanover Place, Ayres Quay, Ballast Hills.
WEST BROMWICH.—Mrs. L. Fellows, 11, Neal Street, Spon Lane.
GLAM.—Mrs. J. Rees, 35, Pwllgath Street, Kenfig Hill.
LLANHILLETH, MON.—Mr. G. Hiscox, 37, Railway Street.
PENGAM, MON.—Mrs. R. McGourlay, 72, Penybryn Avenue, Cefn Forest.
Nr. LYNDHURST.—Mr. G. F. Porter, The Lamb Inn, Nomansland.
WORKSOP.—Mr. G. Harrison, 38, Ryton Cottages, Canal Road.
YNYSDDA, MON.—Mr. E. J. Edwards, 25, Glen View.
WHALESTONE.—Mrs. A. Arnold, 29, Havelock Road.
TREHARRIS.—Mrs. D. Davies, 4, Sunny Bank, Penlock's.
LOWESTOFT.—Mrs. E. Bussens, 22, Sommere Cottages, Yarmouth Road, Oulton Road.
YORKS.—Mrs. M. Ward, Seaton Garth, Staithes.
ABERCARN, MON.—Mrs. B. Pellaeny, 29, High Street.
BROADSTAIRS.—Mr. W. C. Newton, 10, Crofts Place, High Street.
ABERDARE.—Mr. G. Lewis, 10, Cardimen Terrace, Cwmbrach.
WALLSEND.—Mr. W. O. Brown, 17, Lilac Road.
CUMBERLAND.—Mrs. R. Ross, 7 Hut, Cauldcotes Beech, Nr. Egremont.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. Meredith, 21, Reynolds Street, Cape Hill, Smethwick.
Nr. DERBY.—Miss S. Hunt, Birch Lane, Howley Woodhouse.
HULL.—Mr. G. Houldridge, 21, St. Mark's Street.
WEST GORTON.—Mrs. J. Wickham, 16, Henry Street, Hyde Road.
HERTS.—Mrs. T. Green, 22, Swanfield Road, Waltham Cross.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. L. Lucier, 7, Mankstone Street, Dingle.
BRITON FERRY.—Mrs. M. J. Griffiths, 4, Charles Street.
LANCS.—Mrs. J. Mangan, 20, Victoria Street, Rishton, Nr. Blackburn.
RHONDDA VALLEY.—Mrs. D. James, 20, Windsor Street, Treherbert.
WILTS.—Mrs. I. C. Parsons, Folly Farm, Easterton, Nr. Devizes.
FIFE.—Mrs. E. McLaren, Minto Lodge, Lochgelly.
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Lack of space prevents the publishing of any more names here

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J.B., 30.6.23.

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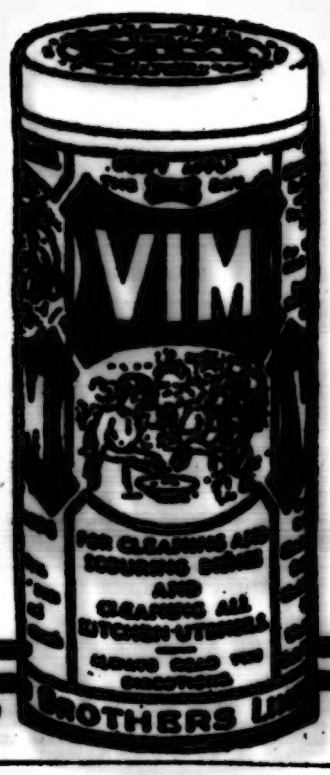

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JOHN BULL

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Telephone: Gerrard 9855
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

What About Fares?

The railway companies will save £2,000,000 a year by the latest wage reductions. High time fares were lowered again.

There's a Reason.

While other exchanges are slumping, the British £ is steadily climbing to normal. We're paying our debts. Other countries please note.

Thanks to Us.

The management of the British Empire Exhibition has now been completely reorganised. So far we have not been overwhelmed with congratulations for having brought it about!

Daylight Robbery.

Public authorities are being forced to pay scandalous prices for building land. Required for public purposes, it should be acquired at public prices. Let Parliament see to it.

Loosening the Screw.

The Government has wisely conformed to public opinion in reassessing house property for income tax purposes. It is welcome, though belated, fairness to the overburdened taxpayer.

An Essential Step.

The French reply to Britain on the Ruhr deadlock makes it clear that negotiations can be resumed if Germany will have the sense to meet the Allies halfway. The next step is up to her.

The Mean Ministry.

Again the Ministry of Pensions has economised at the expense of war widows and orphans. Such contemptible methods make us sick.

Obviously Unfair.

A divorced husband may be called on to pay a proportion of his income to the wife for her maintenance. Sir Edward Marshall Hall is right in saying a rich, divorced wife should also pay the husband. Equality should go all round.

Impertinent Interference.

The Criminal Justice Bill proposes to give officialdom power to inspect the banking accounts of suspected persons. A gross interference with individual rights. It should be called the Criminal Lunatic Bill.

Penalising the Innocent.

Just why illegitimate children who happened to be born *before* the passing of the Legitimacy Bill should be denied its benefits needs either a lawyer or a politician to explain. To the ordinary mind it's sheer injustice.

Next, Please!

The Dental Association says sweets are as harmful as alcohol. Is there anything the cranks *will* allow us to do?

Still At It.

The cost of the British Garrison in Palestine last year was £2,011,463. *We* paid it to help a Jewish minority to coerce a vast Arab majority.

Who Pays Expenses?

"Comrade" Newbold is in Moscow asking for instructions in the best method of fighting the British Empire. His fatuous optimism would be tragic—if it were not funny.

Fool Proof.

The Communists have openly admitted that Bolshevism has made no progress at all in Britain. The British workman always was rather good at disillusioning cranks.

Strange!

Mr. Norman Angell—an American citizen—is to be a Labour candidate at the next election. Surely we are not short of Englishman to represent English constituencies?

Get the Brains Working.

There is an alarming increase of vagrancy in the country. Unemployment—vagrancy—despair—revolution. It is a problem that brooks no delay.

Well, Well!

General Smuts, who is coming to Europe, says he has no time to visit the League of Nations meeting at Geneva. Has it proved too much even for one of its sponsors?

The Trouble-maker.

"Foxy" Ferdinand, dethroned and discredited, is at his sinister games again in Bulgaria. He should be sent to keep the ex-Kaiser company at Amerongen.

Unnecessary Laxity.

The usual crop of prosecutions for theft have followed the Alexandra Rose Day. The organisers must exercise greater care in the selection of collectors. Anything less is an insult to the public.

A Simple Remedy.

While every one is wondering what can be done about it, £20,000,000 is wasted annually through delays caused by London's traffic chaos. The Government must set up a central authority *with power to act.*

A Treasure for You!

John Bull has discovered a wonderful Treasure Book of Knowledge, packed with everyday information which everyone should possess. Nothing like it has yet been published. Watch for a further announcement.

Carried Nem. Con.

The Labour Party has definitely declared that Prohibition is an impracticable policy. Pussyfoot may now consider the subject closed!

But They Govern Wages.

We should like to know how much the "cost of living" statistics cost the taxpayer to compile. They are unscientific and utterly misleading.

Shall We Ever?

Italy has now joined the countries officially engaged in restoring normal trade relations with Russia. While we wait others get the plums.

Do It Now.

The intolerable affront of the sight of empty houses which landlords won't let calls for drastic action. Give local authorities power to hire them compulsorily.

We Should Say So!

The Otley magistrates, having more sense than the Government, have dismissed the "sweep" summons. Another smack in the eye for informers, cranks and busybodies.

Jimmy Wilde.

The one and only Jimmy has gone out in a blaze of glory after the gamest battle of his miraculous career. Here's luck to him—the whitest sportsman Britain ever produced.

It's Your Money.

Sir Percy Scott roundly condemns the folly of building battleship docks 7,000 miles from England. There is enough woeful want already without increasing it by such sinful waste.

Work for Thousands.

Why not get busy with the Channel Tunnel? Here is a job that would employ many thousands and do more than any treaty to cement the friendship between England and France.

Brainstorms.

At the comic Domestic Service Inquiry, conscription for all classes of women has been seriously advocated. Someone is probably suffering from brain-fag now.

Nothing!

Every two hours a woman, somewhere in England, dies in childbirth. Some years ago the Ministry of Health called this *avoidable* suffering. What's it doing to prevent it?

An Unfair Fair.

Gloucester, suffering from a smallpox epidemic, declined to postpone its fair. Visitors from all parts went there; smallpox has now appeared in many other places. Consideration for others is still a virtue—outside Gloucester.

Who Are They?

Admiral Consett's accusation that the war was prolonged because British manufacturers and financiers supplied the Germans with large quantities of food, money and material, is too serious to ignore. There must be a searching inquiry.

Straight from the Heart.

"Please ask God to send you back to me," wrote the child of Charles Henry Owen, aged 29, charged at the Staffordshire Quarter Sessions with the theft of a bicycle. Owen's wife wrote: "If you are sent to prison I shall have nothing to live for." But Owen got three years' penal servitude, which seems a harsh sentence, even though he was a convict on licence. To trample on a man who is down seems to be a habit in some courts.

"My Poor Old Pal."

Not knowing that one cable was connected in Mell's Colliery, Frome, Bertie Berryman attached another, and his old pal William James Button was accidentally killed. A tragic blunder, for which Berryman atoned by a sacrifice which proved his sorrow and his love for his friend. He placed a detonator in his own mouth, connected the battery, and died. "God bless my wife and children," he wrote, "and forgive me." It will be done.

A Juggernaut Charge.

A staff-sergeant, named Percy Bennett, of York, probably heaved a sigh of relief when the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "accidental death" in the case of a man whom Bennett had knocked down while skylarking with a car. He and the passenger repeatedly changed seats, and in passing through a village caused the car to swerve, knocked down and injured two lady cyclists and then killed a man. Some road-hogs are really lucky.

Muddle-headed Magistrates.

When Arthur Walder, of Ringmere Farm, Charlwood, had finished belabouring a heifer, the head of a garden rake was found embedded in the animal's back. Although they characterised the act as one of great cruelty, the Reigate Bench contented themselves with fining this brutal farmer £2, and allowing him a month in which to pay. What hope is there of stamping out cruelty to animals while the law is administered in such a muddle-headed fashion?

Mormon Bathing Parades.

A Bristol reader who is the father of several daughters indignantly draws our attention to the fact that the local open-air baths were recently used by Mormon missionaries for baptizing young women converts. In view of the revelations of the degrading character of Mormon matrimonial practices which have appeared from time to time in JOHN BULL, it is very regrettable that a Local Authority should give countenance to the pernicious activities of these prurient proselytisers in this fashion.

Pride not Permitted.

Some of the inmates of the Chapel-en-le-Frith Workhouse subscribe to their own maintenance, but when Dr. Bennett, the humane medical officer, asked that they should be allowed to wear their own clothing instead of humiliating and soul-destroying pauper uniform, the guardians would not agree. In view of this "Abandon hope all ye that enter here" should be inscribed over the entrance to the institution as a warning to the poor outside.

A Housing Scandal.

Although it has been reported to the Molesey and District Council that local overcrowding is terrible, instances being given of families of eight living in one room, and a married couple sleeping in a passage, that body has given notice to occupiers of riverside bungalows that these dwellings must no longer be used for human habitation. The Council has threatened to have tenants forcibly removed, although they conform to the requirements of the Public Health Act. What possible justification can there be for such glaring inconsistency?

The Devil's Own.

For stealing 12s. 5d. from a little girl-pupil at his school, William Fairclough, a Pontefract schoolmaster was fined £5. Such a man is not fit to be at large; he'd steal the salt out of a widow's tears.

A Poor Sort of Dad.

Prison is a less pleasant place than Rhyl in the summer-time as selfish Thomas Jones, of Queen's Court, will find out during the next six months. Abominable was the way he neglected his poor children, who had to pawn clothing for food while he was spending what money he had upon himself and beer. Their sufferings are now being visited upon one who was not a father to them, and in his enforced absence they may be better fed than when he had his liberty.

Little Drops of Water.

Tampering with milk must be a profitable business at Blackburn if farmers can carry on as did James Mercer, Higher House Farm, Guide. The lesson that milk should be sold pure was not enforced upon him by four previous convictions, and now he has had to pay a £20 fine, his milk being 20 per cent. deficient in fats. It was said that Mercer's milk had been obtained from other farmers, which, if true, shows that there are others who should be dealt with. Milk-fat thieves are a despicable class.

"A Tyrant Landlord."

"An absolutely illegal act accompanied by circumstances of tyranny," was the description given by the Pontypridd County Court Judge to the conduct of Evan Morgan, of Tynewydd Farm, near Pontyclun, who, although he had accepted rent, turned a woman with three children, one of them seriously ill, out of a cottage into the rain without allowing them to finish their breakfast. The £25 damages and costs which he has to pay should teach this tyrant a much-needed lesson.

The Muddled Ministry.

After the disaster at Birmingham, we learn with amazement that the Welsh Hospital at Netley, which consists of buildings as near fire-proof as any in the country, standing on Government land for which no rent is paid, is about to be thrown on the scrap-heap by the Ministry of Pensions. Quite recently hundreds of pounds of the taxpayers' money were spent on renewing the hot-water installation and redecoration. Has this muddled Ministry been affected by the weather?

Thou Shalt Not Smile!

Denbigh, Flint, and Merioneth Baptist Association having resolved that any church member found indulging in betting and gambling shall be called upon for "discipline and be liable to suspension from the roll," the wholesale resignations of wealthy Baptists from the Stock Exchange can be expected, and tempting invitations to bridge parties refused. The Baptists' world in Wales, it seems, has been out of joint, but Dr. Cernyn Williams, of Corwen, was fortunately born to set it right.

Stanley is so Shy.

Stanley Bruce, who describes himself as "Business Expert and Man of Ideas," and offers particulars of a money-making scheme which he values at £5 5s. on payment of £1 1s., uses an address in Alexandra Road, London, N.W., and prints on his notepaper the names of several bankers, a telephone number, a telegraphic address, and a cable code. It is strange that no current directory contains any reference to so important a personage, and that telephonic enquiries are answered by someone who gives an entirely different name!

Capitalist Criminals.

At Glasgow the manager and under-manager of the Foxley Colliery were fined for not having at the top of the shaft the necessary labour for receiving and transmitting signals. The result of this neglect was that a man was killed. Such criminal negligence deserves more than a fine. And the colliery company should be put under a stiff penalty.

Moral Murderers.

Over thirty thousand persons have had to be treated for tubercular disease by the physicians of the Merioneth Voluntary Care Committee. Thousands of others have probably died. According to Mr. W. D. Evans, the way milk is produced in Wales is absolutely shocking. A fact which suggests that some of those who profit by selling dirty and poisonous milk should be dealt with in the most unrelenting fashion.

And This in 1923.

The way of John Henry Smith, of Beck Hall Farm, Clayton, is that of an unfeeling brute. Without using an æsthetic, as he ought to have done, he cut the tail of a foal with a docking-knife. The use of a fuzz ball was a barbarous finish to an inhuman job. Yet the Scarborough magistrates let him off with a ten-shilling fine. Magistrates being so soft-hearted it is no wonder that animals have to suffer.

German Pig-dog's Postcards.

We should like to know what the Postal Authorities are thinking about to allow a German named Paul M. Rebenstock, to flood this country with postcards openly offering to supply "photos showing human nature—hot stuff" and "post cards of every description, especially beautiful women, amorous scenes, etc." Has not this country suffered enough at the hands of the Huns without having her youth and manhood polluted by such lecherous swine?

Dodging the Law.

If a clerk takes £5 or £10 that is not his own the law comes down upon him, and he goes to prison. But when it was disclosed at Manchester that an ex-director of a private company in voluntary liquidation had improperly abstracted £4,675 from the funds, Judge Mellor had to admit that owing to the forms of the bankruptcy law, the man might escape merely as a debtor, and that he had no power to prosecute. A job for Parliament to tackle at once!

The Same Old Tale.

British-made fire-fighting appliances are the best in the world. That being a fact, what excuse have the Birmingham City Council to offer the ratepayers, whose money they spend, for buying that new fire-engine from a German firm? In Birmingham there are men without work whose service in saving the City's property has been greater than any a Hun-made fire-engine can render. Why should work be sent out of the country in times like these? And especially to Germany?

Slow-motion Microscopes.

After answering an advertisement of "Science Supply Stores," 197, Acton Lane, Chiswick, a reader received a postcard saying they had a stock of microscopes at 3s. 9d., and would send him one on receipt of remittance. He sent the money, and three weeks later received another postcard making excuses for non-delivery. After another three weeks he received a third postcard saying his order would be completed in a day or two. That was on May 16th, and he hasn't got his microscope yet. Moreover, they seem to have run out of postcards, for he can get no reply to his letters.

A Black Outlook.

In the Tottenham Court Road and Soho districts scores of niggers live and constitute a distinct menace to white girls, with whom many of them live, while in several cases they live on the immoral earnings of unfortunate women. Most of these coloured men come to this country as jazz musicians which again focuses attention on the unpatriotism of many orchestra organisers who refuse to employ native musicians.

Bradford's Shame.

Most of the wealth of the wool industry is concentrated in Bradford, where there is a ten-pound note to every cubic inch. But there is also much unemployment and destitution among ex-Service men. So the Lord Mayor called a meeting of the 600 employers in order to get them on the King's Roll. The Bradford profiteers out-devilled Mephistopheles—only eighteen employers attended the meeting. Disgraceful!

Do You Wonder?

At the Marylebone Police Court a woman explained that she supported her eleven children on her husband's wage of 27s. 6d. a week. The trouble arose from the fact that he was not always in work. The income allows for the family about 3½ per head per day for food, rent and clothing. And it is on such as these that tea and sugar duties are imposed, and who pay as much as the millionaire profiteer. No wonder the Capital Levy has its advocates.

Wanted—a Minister.

Awre, in the Forest of Dean, has a vicar named George Warlow. It seems that in addition to the care of souls he assumes the function of chastiser. A schoolgirl was disobedient and Warlow was sent for with the result that he had to answer a charge of assault. The vicar pleaded not guilty, but acknowledged that the weals on the child had been caused by his chastisement. He was fined 10s. A few weals bestowed by a hefty father would have better met the case.

The Weak Shall Suffer.

From all parts of the kingdom we have received letters in support of our appeal for the release of poor Lily Dunnigan, who is languishing in Walton jail as a consequence of her double betrayal by two heartless seducers. Again we ask the Home Secretary to invoke the Royal clemency for this young woman, who has been punished for four years while her betrayers have gone scot free. Surely this girl has suffered enough!

Unfair Municipal Trading.

The Lewisham Guardians have decided to close their out-relief stores from which relief in kind has been granted to the unemployed, and revert to the practice of supplying relief through local traders. It is to be hoped that other authorities will follow this example. In Walworth, to mention only one district, several small shop-keepers have had to put up their shutters, and others are almost on the point of extinction through this form of municipal trading.

"Hush! There Comes the Bogey-woman!"

The Beverley Board of Guardians recently considered a complaint from Mrs. Whiting, whose grounds adjoin the Children's Home, at Hengate, that the youngsters made too much noise in their playtime. When interviewed by the clerk, who pointed out that they made no more noise than other children, she said they had no right there at all, and ought to be in the workhouse. What manner of woman is this who would hush the laughter of children, the sweetest music in a mother's ears, and drive the little ones within the gloomy portals of a workhouse?

A Dig for the Inspector.

Mr. W. W. Green, Chairman of the Stratford Bench, pointed out to the inspector that as "a highly cultured policeman" might take too refined a view of "bad language," the words used should be stated when a charge was made. A rational view which will provide us with guidance as to words better left unsaid.

Some Joke!

When 200 tenants of the Tredrunick Estate, Roscommon, appeared before Judge Wakely for rent default, he said that he would grant a decree on proof that process had been served. The process officer was called, but came not. He had been kidnapped the previous evening. So the landlord has to wait for his rent whilst Ireland laughs.

Shylock's Wife!

A woman stated at the Thames Police Court that in the course of eighteen months she had paid a woman money-lender £11 14s., as interest on a loan of 36s. She still owed, with interest, the original sum borrowed, and the woman had threatened violence if she did not pay up. The magistrate instructed the police to see this rapacious creature and tell her that she had been paid enough. It is a pity that he did not have her brought before him, as less odious individuals have been.

BEING FAITHFUL WITH ONESELF.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MANY years ago during the earlier part of my City Temple ministry, a man came to confide in me to whom I took an instant liking.

He was full of enthusiasm for a project which he believed would be of great benefit to the community, especially that section thereof which lies between the wage-earners and the well-to-do.

He was both earnest and unselfish in his purpose: I am sure of it.

To-day he is a convict undergoing a long term of penal servitude.

A friend commenting upon this tragical fact says: "It is impossible to forecast what any of us might do when in a tight place and unable to get out by fair means."

Is this true?

It is at least sufficiently so to give cause for sober reflection.

There are as good men within prison walls as most of us who are lucky enough to be outside.

They are there because they did not know themselves. Does any man understand his own heart? It seems easy enough, but few things are more difficult.

To get at the hidden springs of one's own motives is often a baffling exercise.

You may think you are acting from one motive when you are really obeying another.

Spite frequently masquerades as zeal for truth, envy as love of justice, covetousness as desire for the public good.

There is no limit to the number of disguises self-deception can assume.

And when a special squeeze comes, when we are driven into a corner, and self-interest is at bay, we are only too liable to camouflage our motives—to ourselves every whit as much as to the world.

How seldom we are willing to call an unworthy action by its right name before committing it, whatever we do afterwards.

Scrupulous honesty with ourselves in all things is one of the greatest safeguards of our standing in life.

Soft Soap for Softies.

We have received a parcel of soap sent as samples on payment of 2s., by C. M. Crawley, of Wolseley Gardens, Gunnersbury, who advertises for agents. Our cleaning staff declare the samples are not worth 4½d. 'Nuff said!

Irish "Sport."

Is Ireland reverting to barbarism? We read that a crowd of about two thousand men were present at a series of cock-fights which took place in a field outside Clones, Co. Monaghan. There were ten battles in all, the "sport" continuing throughout the day, and one of the birds fought for half an hour with a broken leg before it was beaten. It is distressing to hear of members of a normally great-hearted nation participating in such degrading brutality.

Danish Lotteries.

Andersen of Copenhagen and a dozen others continue to flood this country with alluring circulars holding out prospects of prizes of £40,000 in Danish colonial lotteries. We are getting tired of warning our readers against sending money to these "Dilly-dilly duckling" merchants, and are wondering why the postal authorities, who display such keen activity in intercepting communications relating to Irish sweepstakes, should permit the passage of these circulars!

A Deadly Plague Spot.

Sufferers from the serious outbreak of scarlet fever at Broxbourne, near Edinburgh, are asking how much longer they are to be poisoned by the horrible effluvia arising from the Edinburgh Corporation dump in the vicinity, where fifty wagons daily discharge garbage, providing a disgusting feast for the myriads of rats which abound and spread infection in all directions. Complaints of this plague spot have been made without avail, and it is time the Scottish Board of Health took action.

Another Daniel!

Chief Constable Butler, of Barnsley, is an officer of the right type. His humanity and intelligence were shown when he intervened and saved a young boy, who had committed a theft, from being sent to one of the so-called reformatory schools which too frequently destroy character and self-respect and add to the number of the country's habitual criminals. The lad had injured his finger and did wrong whilst idle. When he starts work again the chief hopes to make something of him. And he probably will.

"To Him That Hath——"

An unemployed reader whose misfortune it is to have to attend the Labour Exchange at Ancoats, Manchester, lined up in the queue last week wearing his silver badge, and on reaching the "Vacancy" counter was interrogated as to whether he was in receipt of a pension. On his explaining that he had been, but was no longer, he was amazed at being told that he must be in receipt of a pension to get a job! Whoever is responsible for such a stipulation, it is a most discreditable one.

Cut out the Stars!

"We were treated worse than dogs bustled and bundled about like a lot of cattle. We were massed together with all nationalities—black, brown and white. The food was dreadful. I managed a piece of dry bread and some water." The writer, an Englishwoman, is not describing her lot in a Bolshevik prison, but her experience at Ellis Island. Here with the scum of Europe are dumped refined women, cabin passengers from ocean liners, who have sought to enter America. America should cut out the Stars from the flag and leave the Stripes.

A Ship That Does Not Sail!

WITH a great flourish of trumpets it was announced that a famous liner was to be fitted up as a travelling exhibition, to carry British trade products to the world's markets. What has gone wrong with the project?

WHAT has become of that great white argosy which was to plough the blue waters of the seven seas, and carry to all the ports of the world the products of British industry and commerce?

The British World Trade Expeditions, Limited, was going to send out a great liner to be called the s.s. *British Trade*. The company purchased a ship called the *Orontes*, formerly of the Orient Line, for £45,000. She was to be refitted at a cost of £35,000.

It all sounded like a fine adventure. The advertisements of the glorious project teemed with joyous optimism. Enormous sums of money were going to be made. Exhibition spaces were going to be sold to the extent of over £100,000. It was calculated that a hundred passengers would pay £600 each to make the 40,000 miles tour in the s.s. *British Trade*.

But the good ship has not sailed. What has gone wrong?

A number of distinguished directors came in, including Sir Cecil Beck, J.P., Rear Admiral Murray Sueter, C.B., M.P., Ben Tillett, Esq., M.P., Brigadier-General P. V. P. Stone, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Major the Hon. Christopher Lowther, M.P. But most of these directors appeared to have tired of waiting for the ship to sail and have resigned.

We do not know whether they have sunk much money in this romantic adventure, but one or two people who have invested what was a great deal to them are feeling very unhappy about it. For example, Captain J. E. Dye, a very experienced navigator, who invested a large sum in the tradeship of which he was to become captain.

Then there was the Chief Engineer Mr. G. S. Johnson, M.I.M.E., who invested money. There was the Purser, Mr. Ronald Leigh, who threw up a good job and invested cash also.

The position of these people is one of very grave hardship. They have parted with their money, and the ship is not yet ready to sail. Unless something like a miracle happens the ship never will sail. The organisers have no doubt done their best. Obviously the task has been too heavy for them. Altogether, before the ship is ready for sea, nearly £70,000 of liabilities have to be met, including a bank overdraft of nearly £3,000.

Opinions may differ as to the possibility of making a financial success out of an exhibition ship to tour the world. But there cannot be room for difference of opinion that the s.s. *British Trade* has made a very bad start in not having started at all.

In the beginning, when this project was first advertised, enquiries came pouring in from people interested. Larger premises were taken at 5-6, Coventry Street, London, W. It would be interesting to know how many of these enquirers were satisfied, and bought and paid for space on this floating palace that so far has been floated only in the financial sense.

One of the servants of the company is unable to get his arrears of wages, which is a disconcerting state of affairs for him, and for all who have put any money into the concern.

The picture of an adequate fleet of motor launches, carrying buyers to the s.s. *British Trade*, as she lay in one of the world's great harbours was a pleasing thing to contemplate. But employees who cannot get their arrears of salary feel that the picture is very largely spoiled for them.

We are told that the trading outposts are taking the view that, at last, the United Kingdom is going to assist them in their endeavour. It seems rather hard to put this responsibility on the United Kingdom.

Germany has also decided to have a tradeship. The German ship is ready to sail! It is a great pity that our project was not similarly well-handled, and the Government ought to have taken a hand in this tremendous undertaking.

Is it yet too late?

Who Is Hiding Quilliam?

THE Managing Director of Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd., who disappeared over a year ago, is still in hiding. His activities have cost the investing public over half a million. Why is he not brought back?

WHY is not Mr. W. H. B. Quilliam brought back to this country to give an account of his stewardship in that notable ramp, Direct Fish Supplies, Limited. There are six thousand shareholders who, between them, have lost over half a million pounds. Many of them have been completely and irretrievably ruined.

It has been said that an extradition warrant was issued, but this statement has never been officially confirmed. If no such warrant has been issued it is high time that it was. Mr. Quilliam ran away over twelve months ago. He has a passport available for twelve countries, and he has disappeared completely as though the sea had swallowed him up.

But just before Christmas last he sent a telegram to a London solicitor saying that he was coming back to face the music. He has not arrived. Why has not Scotland Yard brought him back?

The Official Receiver states that this half million pounds was lost because his fellow directors left things largely to Quilliam. All kinds of transactions which he authorised require investigation, and there is good reason to suppose that if the missing financier could be found some of these transactions could be set aside, and the people who had made a great deal of money out of them compelled to disgorge for the benefit of the shareholders.

Quilliam was a solicitor as well as a company promoter. He said himself that he was making three thousand a year out of his solicitor's practice. This business has since been sold for a paltry sum of under six hundred pounds.

All Quilliam's actions, about the time he disappeared, were thoroughly suspicious. Not only did he sell his solicitor's business for a mere song, but he sold the furniture of his house at 20, Kensington Park Gardens, for £350, and showed great haste to get the money.

Just before he left, he tried desperately to sell a number of shops belonging to Direct Fish Supplies, Limited. He actually got a cheque for five thousand pounds as a deposit for their sale. He cashed this cheque himself, and retained the greater proportion of it, giving reasons in which he alleged that the money so obtained was due to him.

It is believed that he had many thousands of pounds in his possession when he absconded.

His father is said to be the head of the Moslem faith in this country, and Quilliam himself did a great deal of business with Turkey. It is probable that he is there now.

When he was at home in England he lived very well. He was constantly giving select little dinner parties at hotels like the Ritz and the Carlton. He had a delicate taste in old wines and good cigars. And he cost the shareholders who trusted him over half a million pounds!

It is a scandal that a man like this should be permitted to disappear, to live out of the country until the storm has blown over. It is a scandal that his fellow directors, many of them people of position and title, should be unable to take any effective action in the way of tracing the man whose activities have been so disastrous to those who invested money with him.

In the case of Quilliam, following on the notorious case of Bevan, it shows how necessary it is to amend the law in connection with the flotation of companies. If Quilliam's record had been examined in connection with the British Chamber of Finance, and the Orange River Asbestos Mines, Ltd., his fellow directors would have been on their guard, and the heavy losses, which have ruined thousands of people, might have been avoided.

After Four Years!

Is Justice Sleeping?

WHEN the politicians who won the war stirred the hearts of the electorate by promising to make this country fit for heroes to live in, they probably overlooked the case of the heroines. Even they, with their short memories, will admit that "the women were splendid."

And what have we done for those young women who fell by the way? A little more, we hope, than has been done for poor Daisy Murray, who has been vainly crying out for justice for nearly four years.

Daisy was one of those who responded to the call to provide food for our over-hungry guns. She was in the robust health of young womanhood when she took her place in a munitions factory at Watford and occupied a highly dangerous position. She was, in fact, actually engaged in the process of powder making—a job which no woman is really allowed to undertake.

But this girl made no complaints and worked from seven o'clock in the morning until midnight every day.

The powder dust, in the end, did its fell work. The young healthy girl, wearing no mask or gloves for protection, gradually contracted T.N.T. poisoning and utterly broke down in health. Her teeth fell out, she was unable to eat, unable to move.

She was given an allowance under the Workmen's Compensation Act, being incorrectly described as a packer; but in the state she was, Miss Murray did not see that there was a wily official move to escape eventual responsibility.

In August, 1919, the Ministry of Munitions wrote to her, saying that "it would appear" that she was now fit to resume work, and in the circumstances they had issued instructions to the factory authorities "to cease the payment of compensation forthwith."

Ever since then this poor girl, so ill that her life is now almost despaired of, has been hammering at the cold gates of relentless officialdom, trying to obtain justice.

Under our instructions, Miss Murray was examined by a local doctor, who pronounced her unfit to work as a result of illness "due to T.N.T. poisoning." After various Government departments had endeavoured to shift the responsibility on to one another, it was left to the War Office to turn down her claim definitely.

In the meantime the stricken heroine is starving. The facts of this tragic case have now been mentioned in Parliament, and Sir W Joynson-Hicks has stated that "if it can be proved that the girl is suffering from poisoning or anything of the kind sustained in the Government service," he will reconsider it.

After four years! All that the Right Hon. gentleman need do is to refer to the certificate of the doctor whom we asked to report on the case. But he must act quickly. This poor girl is dying, and if she does die in the meantime, the responsibility will be on the head of the War Office.

A Ghost on Toast!

THE gullibility of the public is apparently almost unfathomable. There is a whole army of men and women who purport to be able to communicate with departed spirits. But what is more remarkable is that many of these people are making money out of the weakness of the public in this respect. Here we give an astonishing illustration of things allowed to take place under our existing laws.

THIS world being what it is, wise men do not complain if foolish people choose to believe in spooks and mediums, hypnotists and clairvoyants, table-turners and *ouija*-board manipulators. They have no objection to simple-minded persons trying to turn each other's hair grey at ghostly seances and humbugging meetings of the kind.

But when the spook merchant and the psychic expositor proceeds to make money out of the sick and suffering, by promising them spook cures (for real and material money) it is time that something was done to blow sky-high this whole elaborate machinery of profitable imposture.

At the present time, at the British College of Psychic Science, 59, Holland Park, London, W.2, a woman named Miss Harvey, who calls herself Nurse "Rose," is now presenting a performance which would be incredible, one would suppose, to anybody outside a lunatic asylum.

She pretends to be able to diagnose cases of illness, not from any knowledge of her own, but through some special arrangement she claims to have made by which she gets messages from *Dr. Beale, a worker in the Unseen!*

It sounds both blasphemous and impertinent. But this woman calmly and complacently alleges that Dr. Beale, who has been dead for some years, communicates regularly with her, and in this way enables her to give medical advice.

The story she tells is an amazing one. She asserts that Dr. Beale blessed her and promised to transfer to her his medical knowledge and technical skill.

When he got to the next world he was not too preoccupied to forget his promise. And, having apparently restricted opportunities there for medical practice, and being really devoted to the task of healing, he now inspires her so that she can do the job at which he was unhappily interrupted at the time of his death!

It seems an extraordinarily convenient arrangement. Nurse "Rose" having no skill of her own, and relying entirely upon the disinterested co-operation of the departed doctor, does not require to see the patient whose illness is to be diagnosed. All that is required is some little thing belonging to the patient, such as a handkerchief, or a brooch, or a pair of socks.

She places an article so selected against her forehead. This may look rather a droll spectacle. But in some extraordinary way it produces an instantaneous effect upon the late Doctor Beale. Its galvanises him into benevolent activity. He at once diagnoses the patient's illness and communicates the information to Nurse "Rose."

The advantages of this form of diagnosis must be clear to even the busiest and most mundane of mere earthly panel doctors, who cannot see the insides of their patients. That is where Doctor Beale has the pull. And he very kindly gives the benefit of it, from the Unseen, to Nurse "Rose."

Most people would regard this as sheer craziness, what they call in America "bug-house bunkum." But it imposes on a very large number of people. As a consequence Nurse "Rose" keeps a very nice house at Hulham, Exmouth. She saw this house one day, and immediately recognised it as the house she had seen in a vision, which was to be the earthly home of the late doctor.

She took it at once, and now runs it as a nursing home for the spook treatment of the sick and suffering. An enquiry made last week through the British College of Psychic Science elicited the fact that Nurse "Rose" would be quite willing to take in an old lady suffering from cancer for a fee to be arranged with her. It might be a small fee, or it might be a big one, as much depends in these matters on the difficulty of the case. Eight guineas a week is a usual fee.

There are eight bedrooms at Hulham House, so that there are no difficulties in the matter of accommodation.

The old lady is not going to Hulham House. Unfortunately she has not as much confidence in Nurse "Rose's" powers of diagnosis as Nurse "Rose" herself has. A recent case confirms her doubts.

Nurse "Rose" recently secured the assistance of the late Doctor Beale in diagnosing the illness of a woman brought to her for treatment. This strange combination of heavenly and earthly medical knowledge delivered the opinion that this poor woman was suffering from cancer.

The late Doctor Beale, however, declined to be dismayed at the seriousness of this illness. He sent a gracious message that he would try to effect a cure, and he prescribed a prolonged treatment at Hulham House. At the end of four months the departed doctor sent a message through Nurse "Rose" to the suffering patient to inform her that she was cured.

Unfortunately the patient, who continued to suffer, could not for long enjoy the assurance that she *was* cured, and in her agony she turned her back on the Shadow Doctor and went to an ordinary earthly hospital, where she was operated on—just in time to save her life.

But the operation was not for cancer, for the simple and earthly reason that she was not suffering from cancer, but from appendicitis. Her appendix was removed, and she is now well and strong. She had a very narrow escape.

If Doctor Beale had not unfortunately transferred his practice to a better world a patient like this might have taken an action against him for gross carelessness and want of professional skill. It is not, however, possible to have recourse to this remedy, owing to the disconcerting circumstance that Nurse "Rose" is unable to give any facilities for serving the necessary legal documents in the next world.

Most people, by this, will have heard quite enough about the departed Doctor Beale, whose friends and relatives may legitimately consider that he is being rather hardly treated in being compelled to practise in this irregular and unsatisfactory way, so many years after he has gone to his reward.

But if they desire to know more about the deceased physician and his long distance methods, they can find it in a book entitled "Doctor Beale, or More About the Unseen."

In this we are told of a small child who was suffering from influenza, and had been given up by the earth-doctor. Miss "Rose" was taken to the child, and, realising the urgency of the case, obligingly got in touch with the late Doctor Beale, who at once prescribed acid tincture of lobelia to bring on violent sickness and clear the system of poison.

Few ordinary earthly doctors are acquainted with acid tincture of lobelia; nor would they have made a dying child violently sick. Happily the child recovered, in spite of the lobelia, and it is upon this case that is built much of the prestige now enjoyed by this strange combination of wireless wonder-workers in therapeutics.

Doctor Cox, the medical secretary of the British Medical Association, uses language of less warmth than others might be tempted to employ when he says that the idea of a dead doctor prescribing for a living patient, through a medium in a trance, strikes him as preposterous.

It is much worse than preposterous: it is a public danger.

If an ordinary person purported to be acting as a doctor, when not qualified, a prosecution would be the normal and natural and highly proper result. But if a crazy woman, disclaiming to be a doctor herself, but purporting to have medical knowledge placed at her disposal from another world can treat the sick for substantial fees, then obviously the law is being made an ass.

Mrs. Hewat McKenzie, a leading figure in the British College of Psychic Science, Holland Park, pathetically complains of the disadvantageous circumstances the law imposes upon people like Nurse "Rose."

The real trouble is that the law is not strong enough. It allows too many loopholes to the cranks who have unlimited capacity for deceiving themselves, and no sense of responsibility in deceiving others.

A Forty-Year-Old Fraud!

AMONG the work awaiting Parliament is the introduction of a measure which will give powers to the police to put a stop to the shameful exploitation of charity by that trio of impostors "Bishop" MacLaglen, Blackburn, and Breton.

The last-named, who is perhaps the most notorious of the three, recently figured in a prosecution at the Lambeth Police Court, when he was called upon to give evidence in the prosecution of a Mrs. Hill, of 15, Camberwell Grove, London, S.E., who was charged with fraudulently obtaining public subscriptions for charity, and sent to jail.

Breton blandly denied all knowledge of the woman's existence, and declared he was unaware that she was collecting for him. Yet she had in her possession a number of pamphlets relating to his "Poor Children's Society," and an authority to obtain subscriptions signed by Breton!

It transpired that a man named Williams had placed thousands of collecting boxes for Breton's "charity" in public houses and shops during the last few years, and Breton himself admitted that he was running several agencies and branch offices with managers, and possibly one of these might have issued the boxes and documents without his knowledge.

For forty years or more Breton has lived by his appeals to the charitable public. The headquarters of the "Poor Children's Society" are at Shaftesbury Hall, Borough, London, S.E. Breton has branches in different parts of the country, and collects large sums annually for the ostensible purpose of brightening the lives of children of the slums.

He spends a little money—not much—on occasional teas, and the balance keeps him in comparative luxury.

For many years Breton has appeared in the Cautionary List of the Charity Organisation Society as an individual unworthy of support. Yet he has persuaded titled people to give assistance to his activities.

Princess Bibesco not long ago patronised one of his fund-raising functions, and he recently obtruded himself into the good faith of the Tottenham and Edmonton Congregational Church.

How much longer is this conscienceless charity-mongering to be allowed to continue?

Poison for Little Children

THE propaganda carried on in the "Red" Schools aims at teaching children to become atheists and revolutionaries. This article reveals something of the abominable doctrines now being taught, and calls for immediate and drastic action by the authorities.

LONG-HAIRED communists with red ties and raucous voices have set themselves the pleasing task of abolishing royalty in this country, of banishing religion from it, and of upsetting that dreadful thing—the capitalistic system.

In their optimistic enthusiasm they are going to smash everything; and upon the ruins they propose to build a new land, flowing with milk and honey, and modelled on the strange principles that have made Soviet Russia a standing example of peace, happiness, progress and prosperity.

It is a charming conception. Unfortunately, the long-haired fraternity are not very successful in eliciting much support from the public. People in this country show an obstinate reluctance to scrap the existing social system in order to hurry the great day when this country can be "Russianised." So the plan has been adopted of getting at the children.

Karl Liebknecht, the great German Communist, put that in a maxim when he said: "Who has the youth has the future." Thus the long-haired communists have evolved a scheme for establishing schools all over this country at which defenceless little children are to receive the precious privileges of having their minds poisoned by the fantastic, fatuous, fanatical rubbish which is the religion of the Communist Party out of which they propose to give us a new heaven and a new earth.

God is superfluous in the half-digested religion of the revolutionaries. For twenty centuries the religion of Christianity has been the stay and comfort of a great portion of mankind. But the light-hearted communists teach the little children that this is all nonsense: that Christ on the Cross dying for sinners is a ridiculous fairy tale: that Jesus was a member of the working class crucified because he was of that class.

Children are taught to be class-conscious, and, by way of helping them, they are told such things as that adultery is not a sin. All this kind of pestiferous nonsense is not natural to this country. It excites disgust and indignation, and a contemptuous pity for those mad dogs of revolution who regard themselves as very fine fellows because they spit upon everything that mere, average ordinary people hold precious.

They will have nothing to do with patriotism, which they condescendingly denounce as "international blacklegging." The money that comes to support this movement is received, to a large extent, from Germany and Russia. There are high-souled people in those countries who have so much love for British children that they cheerfully contribute cash to give them the great advantages of Proletarian instruction.

This is the kind of thing children are taught:

> No Jesus died our Class to save
> On this or any Calvary,
> We paid the price, our lives we gave,
> To clear the earth of slavery.

The Communist Party no doubt believe that they will clear the earth of slavery and banish kings and lords and masters by the simple process of teaching children blasphemy.

They recently formed a new organisation called the "Red Scouts," which has set itself the rather ambitious programme of demolishing the British Empire. It is not quite clear how it is all to be done. But the first step is to refuse to salute the Union Jack, because it is the emblem of slavery and oppression.

There are something like twenty-five thousand scholars attending these schools in this country. Here is the kind of thing they are told: "You have been taught in other schools about a man called Jesus. It is all wrong. The truth is that the three Wise Men are men out of work, and the Star is Communism, and the Golden City is Revolution."

The "Red Scouts" are given texts, such as "Religion is the opium of slaves." One of their many texts says, "God bless our noble king (his wage is £9,500 a week): God curse the slave (his weekly average wage is £3 10s.)."

This sort of religion is the opium of fools. Much of its "literature" is printed in Germany. Its most pestiferous rag is directed from Moscow and Berlin. It is edited by a man named Hoernle, and specialises in blood-curdling pictures of heroic communists in red shirts, brandishing awesome torches and cheerfully setting fire to royal palaces.

Many of these sinister publications have recently been banned in France, Italy, Sweden and Hungary. But here, in Great Britain, under the Union Jack, that emblem of oppression and slavery, these poisonous productions can be sold without let or hindrance.

Here, moreover, little children are taught to take the following oath: "I, William Johns, do swear that I will be faithful to my class, their heirs and successors, according to the Class struggle, without any God."

They are taught to pray, not to a God found superfluous by Communism, but to the Spirit of Class Hatred, asking for power "to smite their enemies, the rulers of this nation . . . . May my right arm fail me, may a sudden and horrible death visit me, should I at any time leave the path of the Class Struggle."

These maniacs have over 200 schools in active operation up and down the country, of which over 50 are in London. One of their leaders is a man occupying an official position in the Civil Service, and in some cases the children are taught in schools for which the ratepayers have to provide.

Sensible people smile at these fierce and furious enthusiasts. But it is no matter for smiles to think of thousands of innocent and defenceless children having their minds poisoned by these crazy pro-Russian, pro-German propagandists.

Fee-Snatching Flapdoodle!

THERE lately appeared in a London daily newspaper the following advertisement:

"Gentlemen of approved social connections wanted, for confidential work everywhere.—State credentials, experience, time at disposal and actual business or profession, if any, in strict confidence, to Chairman, N. F. A. Auxiliaries, Ltd., Economic Service Departments, 29, Spring Gardens, London, S.W. 1."

A gentleman of undeniable respectability as regards his social connections answered this advertisement and received such an extraordinary reply that he forwarded the documents to us for our inspection.

We had little difficulty in identifying the author of this mysterious proposition with Mr. G. Alexander Siday, a strange individual who has previously come under our notice.

With recollections of his association with the General Amalgamated Agency, of 27, Great Quebec Street, Montague Square, London, W., and the British Association of Retail Purchasers, at the same address, we were most decidedly interested.

We must confess ourselves beaten, so far as discovering any intelligible business proposition is concerned.

He circulates a pamphlet purporting to be an "Abridged Report of Open Meeting on Introduction of Faculty Code to Related Professions, Morley Hall, London, May 2nd, 1922," which consists chiefly of pages of dreary generalities on economics spouted by him at the meeting with the idea of inducing his hearers to join a "National Faculty of Accountancy," of which he is "Hon. Principal."

This high-sounding title was the name under which Mr. G. Alexander Siday registered himself under the Business Names Act some time ago. Now it has blossomed into a limited liability company under the name of N. F. A. Auxiliaries, with a nominal capital of £1,000.

Membership of the "National Faculty of Economics" is only to be attained by subscription for shares in N. F. A. Auxiliaries, Limited. But so far we have not discovered anyone who has been foolish enough to pay for the privilege of participating in Mr. Siday's vague Utopia.

We fear, however, that "gentlemen of approved social connections" are not likely to find Mr. Siday's office in Spring Gardens the entrance to a gold-mine. To us, it appears to be a fee-snatcher's web decorated with a profusion of economic verbiage.

Taken Away to Die!

Ex-Service Man's Children Hidden from Him

CAN there be a greater scandal than the treatment that has been meted out to Mr. Arthur H. Richards, of 42, New Street, St. Judes, Bristol. This poor fellow has had very bad luck since he returned from France after the war. Recently he got relief work from the Chipping Sodbury Board of Guardians.

It was very hard work, and the pay was less than a pound a week, half in money and half in food. As he had to pay rent, he was induced to go into the workhouse, taking with him his wife and four children.

After some time his wife, who is subject to fits, could stand this life no longer, so he took her away. But he had to leave his children behind.

Now the amazing, incredible thing is that the Guardians took the children away and boarded them out. The unhappy parent demanded to know where his little offspring were. The Guardians, he says, refused to tell him. The next thing he received was a telegram to say that his boy, between three and four years of age, was dead!

He did not know where the child had been living, or with whom. He did not know that the child had been ill. The only information the Guardians had previously condescended to give him was that the children were well and happy.

Under pressure the Clerk of the Okehampton Union wrote him a letter saying that he *now* understood that the child had been ill ever since he had been sent down to Hatherleigh, on the 9th March last. For two months apparently the child was ill, and no word of this was sent to the parents.

The foster-mother, becoming alarmed, had the child suddenly removed to the workhouse where he died.

The Clerk to the Okehampton Union said he did not know the address of the parents; that he was led to believe that the father was still in Chipping Sodbury Workhouse. Further, he stated that he had been assured that the Chipping Sodbury Guardians had legally adopted all their children under an Act of Parliament, which gave them all the powers of a parent!

The father, however, had never given his consent, nor had he signed any papers agreeing to give up his rights over his children.

The funeral even had to be postponed in order to give him time to attend. His wife had not even yet been informed of her bereavement owing to her delicate state of health. He is afraid to tell her.

It is a disgraceful thing that a man who has fought for his country should have his children stolen from him; that he should be deprived of the father's right to be with his dying child at its death-bed.

"PARISH" PANELS

The Rebellion of the Insured

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THE drop in the status of the medical profession since the Insurance Act came into operation may be a matter of no consequence to the medical profession. But it is none the less an accomplished drop. Straws sometimes show how the wind blows. Here is a straw on the other side of the road, as it were.

Mr. Blank, who, owing to failure of firm to whom he was manager, has taken a workman's job (with insurance card complete), isn't feeling up to the mark and calls on family doctor. Is bowed into surgery out of his turn and in front of panel patients. Family doctor, wreathed in benevolent smiles, goes over patient with great care, enquires kindly after the missus and children; makes up a bottle of medicine and says, "That will put you right, Mr. Blank—five shillings, including the medicine."

Mr. Blank thereupon produces insurance card and mentions that he is now a panel patient. Doctor, more or less livid with more or less pious indignation: "Give me back that medicine! How dare you come here without first letting me know you were an insured person!"

THE episode shows, however, that, argue as one may to the contrary, there is not only a difference, but a heap of difference between the treatment of panel and private patients, and that if the panel has "downed" the doctor, it has performed a like office for the patient.

As a fact, ten years working of the panel system have left it without a friend. It may have enriched certain pushful medicos to the tune of Rolls-Royce cars and houses in the country; but it has reduced the panel patient to pretty well the position of the out-patient of the old workhouse infirmaries.

Each of those twelve million persons has been paying his medical way and receiving in return "attention" which can only be described as own brother to the tender mercies of the parish. Even the poorest of the poor rebel against such a condition of affairs, hence the flourishing practices now being got together by non-panel "shilling" doctors in the poorer districts of London and other centres.

A WEEK or so ago at the biennial conference of the United Order of Druids a resolution was passed declaring the panel health insurance system to be an absolute failure from the insured person's point of view, and calling for reform in the treatment of patients, quality of medicine and waiting-room accommodation.

This is merely one of hundreds of similar resolutions which have lately been passed by the organisations concerned with the physical welfare of the people; but the Insurance Committees and the Ministry of Health can apparently see nothing but perfection in their fearful and wonderful "organisation," and are content to muddle along on the "take it or leave it" principle, no matter who suffers or how loud is the outcry.

Whether the panel system as it stands can ever be reformed, or reorganised on a proper and efficient basis is an open question. A doctor with 3,000 patients on his panel—and there are not a few such—must either be a sadly overworked or considerably over-paid man. Here you have defect Number 1, and though it may seem easy to remedy, the Insurance Committees assure us that it isn't half so easy as it looks.

IF he orders anything of an expensive nature he runs the risk of being surcharged by the Insurance Committee, and we have it on the authority of an eminent London physician that as a result panel doctors "invariably order the cheapest possible rubbish for every patient, irrespective of his complaint."

Here you have defect—or, if you want the real truth about it, crying scandal—Number 2. And there are dozens of others which any panel patient who has been through the mill will tell you about. How are you going to reform a scheme so ill and stupidly based?

Fumbling legislators hate going back on themselves, but if they scrapped the panel system, root and branch, I don't think the working classes would be a penny the worse off.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

When Arab folk resent our yoke
And all their posts resign,
It's clear that they don't mean to play
The "pal" in Palestine.

"My wealth is such it's overmuch,"
Says Sam; and yet it's funny,
For he's the one who plays the dun
To all who owe him money.

This is the way they waste to-day
The hard-earned cash we've paid;
For these accounts show vast amounts
As "stolen, lost, or strayed."

The' railway rates for fares and freights
With Trade are interfering,
The rail combines by all the signs
Persist in profiteering.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

HOW seldom brains and honesty go together! The object of each always seems to be at variance with the other. The possession of brains—or, a more suitable word, cunning—slightly above the average accounts for the motor-cars and West End flats of many trade union leaders. The possession of honesty very much above the average accounts for Bob Smillie.

Not many people realise that the Trade Union movement holds out chances of worldly success quite as fascinating as the Stock Exchange. And it requires a character of exceptional integrity to withstand the temptations which beset the path of a prominent union official.

BOB SMILLIE has withstood those temptations. Indeed, he has shaken his fist at them in such a menacing manner that motor-cars and West End flats have fled at his approach.

It would be difficult to name a man in the history of the Labour movement in Great Britain, unless it were Keir Hardie, whose honesty has so triumphantly repelled all those seductive offers which have lured far too many well-meaning democrats down the path of soul-destruction and a fat banking account.

MR. ROBERT SMILLIE, M.P.

He has never, in fact, sold the miners; and, though he believes in conciliatory methods, not even the most hot-headed members of the Federation have called him Judas. His only enemies are in the opposite camp—men who have tried to corrupt him and to whom he has shown the door with a rudeness that suggested a hasty retreat as the alternative to being kicked downstairs!

This downright, fierce, outspoken honesty is the principal thing about Bob Smillie. It guides his life, moulds his outlook, and explains his failure no less than his popularity.

For, of course, he *is* a failure from the brain point of view. His straightforwardness of purpose pervades him and leaves no room for deep thinking. One might just as well expect loving-kindness from a snake, or disinterestedness from a politician, as originality from Bob Smillie.

HIS belief in the Labour propaganda of his time is steadfast and child-like. Any suggested reform that was not well on the beaten track of orthodox progressive economics would make him stare in amazement. He simply cannot grasp any theory that doesn't tally with the commonplace ideas of production and distribution and state-ownership which have assailed his ears from every platform since his boyhood.

Like all reformers he is intensely conservative. What was right and wrong when he was eight will be right and wrong when he is eighty.

IT is strange to see this bluff, hearty, clean-dealing man surrounded by cunning wire-pullers and clever schemers. At one moment he is outraged by their callousness and secrecy—and he gives them a piece of his mind. At another he is nonplussed by their adroitness—and he sits with a puzzled air, feeling that something's wrong somewhere, but tongue-tied for want of the knowledge to deliver a counter stroke.

Which brings me back to where I started—How seldom brains and honesty go together!

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

**To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, P.C., M.P.,
Unity House, Euston Road, N.W.**

SIR,—You referred in a speech at Blyth to "the jeers against Labour representation." Whose jeers? I have heard no jeers. Even the most crusted Tories now see the good effects of having Labour properly represented in the House of Commons, and to suggest that anyone in these democratic days grudges Labour this fundamental right is to talk through your right honourable hat. But what decent constitutionally minded people do deplore is the intolerable conceit of the wild men at Westminster who place rudeness before reason. Check the mistaken idea that this is clever and you will be doing some good, but don't raise false issues when there is such a long queue of real ones. JOHN BULL.

**To F. THOMPSON, Esq., Mayor,
Burton-on-Trent.**

SIR,—Zeal for the public health is an excellent thing but by banning the use of confetti at your local fairs your Council has simply made itself ridiculous. In fact, your idea of a fair seems to be a maximum of prohibition and a minimum of fun. I see you have barred other amusements as well, and it looks to me as though the Council has been victimised by somebody who was looking after his own interests. Is it merely a coincidence that one of the chief enemies of confetti is the proprietor of the roundabouts? JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. LORD NOVAR,
Secretary for Scotland.**

MY LORD,—Your responsibility for housing in Scotland is only one degree less than that of Mr. Neville Chamberlain who is supposed to be tackling the problem for the whole country. Now that you have had your attention drawn to the wholesale evictions which are going on in Glasgow I hope you will make it your duty to urge upon your colleagues in the Government the pressing necessity for taking the offensive against the pernicious building "rings" instead of merely watching them like an indulgent nurse watching naughty children. Draw these rings out into the open, tackle them and slay them. Then we shall get houses—not before. JOHN BULL.

**To the Rt. Hon. SIR HERBERT SAMUEL,
High Commissioner for Palestine.**

SIR,—Now that all the Arab members of your Advisory Council have declared themselves hostile to the present Constitution of Palestine it is surely as clear as daylight that the only thing for Britain to do is to clear out of the place bag and baggage. In this way we should please the vast majority of the inhabitants, save our own dignity and, what is more important than either, rescue the British taxpayer from hideous expense. You're coming home to talk the whole thing over with the Government and I hope you'll make them see the situation as it really is. JOHN BULL.

THE HOUSING HIGHWAYMAN!

Announcing the £6 per house subsidy Mr. N. Chamberla'n said: "I will not hesitate to ask for any powers which will safeguard us from an abuse of the subsidy."—Prices are still soaring.

P.C. NEVILLE: "It looks as 'ow I'll 'ave to fetch a policeman."

**To the Rt. Rev. Dr. DAVID,
Bishop of Edmundsbury and Ipswich:**

MY LORD,—I am glad that we have in you a bishop whose sense of duty outweighs his consideration for the sanctimonious Samaritan whose practice is to "pass by on the other side." In raising funds for a maternity home for unmarried mothers you have caused offence, doubtless to the same people who objected to your visiting Newmarket races before declaring them wicked. But you have grappled with a serious social problem in a manner worthy of all praise and (I say it with all reverence) as your Master would have grappled with it. And I feel sure that your efforts will be crowned with success. JOHN BULL.

**To Supt. BRENNAN,
Croydon Police Station.**

SIR,—I am receiving very grave complaints of the prevalence of serious crime in your town. Housebreaking and burglary go on unchecked. In a shop in the centre of the town and within sight of a policeman on point duty a girl was attacked at mid-day by a man with a hammer. He got away. This sort of thing has got to stop. Better take your men off the lighter duties—harrying motorists with mud-splashed number plates, catching shopkeepers obliging a customer after hours and little things like that, and put them on to the serious work for which they are primarily intended. JOHN BULL.

**To the CHAIRMAN,
Old Kilpatrick Parish Council, Dumfries.**

SIR,—Sheriff Campion, at Dumfries, passed the well-deserved sentence of 21 days' imprisonment on Mary McGarrie, for stripping naked a girl of 14, and mercilessly beating her with a stick. What has particularly attracted my attention, is the fact that the half-starved victim of this brutal punishment was a girl boarded out by your Council. It is a disgraceful thing that a child should have been handed over to such an inhuman foster-mother. What has your Council to say concerning their responsibility in the matter?
JOHN BULL.

**To the Rev. J. EDWARDS,
Vicar of Pwllheli.**

DEAR PADRE,—It's a good thing the poor of Pwllheli have someone to stick up for them, and though the Board of Guardians have carried their callous proposal to cut down the out-relief of the children by two shillings per head, you took good care that they did it with their eyes open. The Chairman didn't like your accusation of "fishing for popularity at the expense of the poor," and asked you to retire, but you refused on the ground that you were there to defend them. More power to your elbow!
JOHN BULL.

**To CHARLES JAMES, Carman,
Milton Road, Bow.**

SIR,—I do not as a rule kick a man when he is in prison but I have no hesitation in doing so in your case because the six weeks' hard labour you have got is a very light penalty to the one you narrowly escaped. What words are adequate to describe a fiend who puts a baby on a bed and then sets fire to it? "Savage beast" would be a libel on the creatures of the jungle. I give it up! Our language didn't contemplate people like you.
JOHN BULL.

**To Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN,
Wimbledon.**

DEAR SUZANNE,—Sorry to see you have been weeping again when you thought you were getting licked. All of us have been waiting to see you play here and watch your marvellous mastery of the game, but we don't want tears and excuses every time someone takes a game off you. And at for dust in the eye, well, you can't throw duss in ours, you know. If only you were a sportsman at heart what a wonderful creature you would be!
JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

IS the Government as a whole satisfied with the arguments that have persuaded Mr. Neville Chamberlain that the increase in the cost of building material has only negligibly reduced the value of the subsidy of six pounds per house which it is proposed to give to encourage building? We say at once plainly that this statement by a Minister of Health has gravely disquieted the very large proportion of the population which is suffering so badly from the house famine.

The House Famine

The fact is that ever since this subsidy was announced the prices of building material have been steadily going up. Six weeks ago bricks were raised five shillings a thousand. A week ago they were raised a further five shillings. Timber has gone up by more than twelve per cent. Cement has risen by nearly five pounds per ton in many important districts. Hundreds of thousands of people are suffering acutely from the shortage of houses. They look for help to the Government, which alone can settle this pressing and imperative problem.

They know that they cannot get houses, because, whatever schemes are put forward to encourage building, those schemes are constantly frustrated by the increase in the cost of building materials, controlled very largely by the rings.

We have no idea where Mr. Chamberlain gets his information, but we suggest to him that instead of wasting his time and the time of the public by vague assertions that the rings are not eating up the subsidy, he should visit some of the great working-class districts and see for himself where the shoe actually pinches.

The people of this country are bitterly discontented with the long record of bungling and delay and waste and incompetence which forms the story of the still unsolved housing problem. The Minister responsible has a great opportunity to serve the people in one of its most pressing needs. He will stand or fall by the contribution he makes to this vital issue. So far he has not improved much on the muddle and fatuity and nerveless inefficiency of his predecessors.

ONE in every ten men, and one in every eight women, die of cancer. The dread thought lies at the back of the mind of every middle-aged man and woman who thinks of the future. When, therefore, an influential committee launches a great campaign for £1,000,000 to find a cure for cancer, everybody heaves a sigh of relief in the hope that the end of this implacable enemy of mankind is at hand. And yet—we wonder!

The Cancer Campaign

The British Empire Cancer Campaign Committee contains many well-known names—great hospital organisers like the Earl of Athlone, Sir Arthur Stanley, and Sir Napier Burnett; great physicians like Lord Dawson and Sir Thomas Horder; great surgeons like Sir John Bland-Sutton and Mr. Lockhart-Mummery; great medico-legal experts like Sir William Willcox and Sir Bernard Spilsbury, and several members of Parliament—but not a single individual who is actually engaged in the direction of the highly specialised work of cancer research.

Perhaps the omission was intentional. Perhaps the organisers of the campaign thought that quite enough scientists were engaged all over the country in painting mice with tar to produce tumours—the favourite method of "cancer research" at present.

But if they did think so, they soon capitulated to the criticisms of the *Lancet* and the *British Medical Journal*, and announced that they would co-operate with the Medical Research Council, the Cancer Research Fund, and certain other bodies.

It must not be thought that cancer research is new, even in this country. The Middlesex Hospital Cancer Charity was founded in 1791, and opened modern research laboratories in 1900. The London Cancer Hospital was founded in 1857, and has a well-known research institute. The Imperial Cancer Research Fund was founded in 1902, and has devoted large sums to research work ever since.

Yet, with all the money that has been spent, and all the elaborate work that has been done, absolutely nothing has been discovered about the cause of cancer. With more money it is obvious that more workers can engage in research, and the field widened considerably.

But that means the endowment of the whole science and art of medicine! The money will doubtless be obtained, but it must not be frittered away. Has the Campaign Committee any idea where its activities will end?

THE public of this country is not much concerned over the Miners Bill which Mr. Adamson introduced into the House of Commons. This measure demanded a scale of wages based on the cost of living, irrespective of the capacity of the industry to pay it.

Fairplay for Miners

This is beginning, in the homely phrase, at the wrong end of the stick. Fairplay for the coal-miners is what everybody wants. But the best way to get it is not by Government interference in the administrative details of the coal industry.

A far better and more practical plan is for masters and men to come together and hammer out an agreed basis of remuneration instead of a compulsory levy which would come out of the pockets of the consumers who are already paying far too much for their coal.

The miners live a laborious life and follow a dangerous trade. In many districts their housing conditions are a disgrace to civilisation. They ought to be paid, and paid well, for producing the commodity which is so essential to our national prosperity.

Coal which is produced at the pithead for something like ten shillings a ton costs the consumers in many parts of the country four times that sum. The people who make the intervening profits do not have to face the hardships and dangers of the collier's life. They ought not to be allowed to get the lion's share of the proceeds of the miners' toil.

That is the real problem. If it can be solved, as it must be, the dual object will be achieved of fairplay, not only to the miners, but also to the public.

THE British Empire Exhibition has been slow in taking our advice to clip the wings of Mr. Ulick F. Wintour, its General Manager, as the surest and safest way of setting its house in order. Months ago we criticised the administration of this great project. The sequel was an inquiry, presided over by Sir William Joynson-Hicks, who made a series of proposals for reorganisation.

Exit Mr. Wintour

We pointed out that this reorganisation would be ineffective unless Mr. Wintour was removed from his position as General Manager, with salary and emoluments amounting to something like £5,000 a year. We made these criticisms in no spirit of hostility to Mr. Wintour himself, but because we did not believe that his Civil Service career, brilliant though it may have been, had given him adequate training for the task for which he was so highly paid.

Nor were we further reassured by his business activities in the City, where he was prominently connected with the management of a firm which made a catastrophic loss,—a firm which was pleased to get rid of him with a payment of over £20,000.

Now, after months of delay, Mr. Wintour has been removed from the position of General Manager of the British Empire Exhibition, and consoled with the title of "Honorary Adviser" and financial compensation running into many thousands of pounds.

So for the second time he has received compensation for the curtailment of his services within the period of a few years.

Engaging Mr. Wintour has proved an expensive pastime, but now that he has been compensated and has surrendered his responsibilities, the outlook for the Exhibition has, in our opinion, correspondingly improved.

We have tried to save this great, imperial project, and we congratulate the Council on having at last taken the practical steps we long ago advised. It is a pity the advice was not taken earlier.

MR. STIGGINS is a determined as well as a dismal fellow. For many months now he has watched with deepening displeasure the abandoned youth of this degenerate country enjoying innocent pastimes and health-giving games in our public parks. The sight inflames him to painful spasms of gloomy wrath.

Stiggins Must Go!

Accordingly, he is gathering together all his bigoted and narrow-minded strength for a renewed assault on the citadel of joy. He has set himself the comforting task of getting the London County Council to reverse its decision to permit Sunday games.

In so holy a crusade Stiggins puts up his money like a man. A fund of a thousand pounds has been subscribed to drive our youth from the parks that belong to them no less than to Stiggins.

We urge the L.C.C. to stand up for right and sanity in this matter, and send the egregious Stiggins about his business.

Who Will Save Us?

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

FEW writers have studied men and conditions more closely or conscientiously than "A Gentleman with a Duster." Our distinguished contributor here gives his eagerly awaited view on the new Prime Minister.

Mr. Stanley Baldwin—Prime Minister

AT a time when he was absorbed in the excitement of the second 1910 General Election, Mr. Lloyd George spoke to me one day with some anxiety concerning the Northcliffe newspapers.

I told him that he greatly exaggerated, I thought, the political influence of the London daily paper, perhaps of the whole British Press. He challenged me for a reason. I replied: "You forget 1906. You forget Joseph Chamberlain." He nodded his head. "That is quite true," he said. "Yes, I am glad you reminded me. That was certainly a most remarkable election."

Mr. Lloyd George soon recovered his fear of Lord Northcliffe. It lasted till December, 1918. Probably it governed his mind till August 14, 1922.

I RECALL this incident for a sound and useful purpose. Think a moment of that famous General Election in 1906. It was not merely an overwhelming triumph for an economic policy rather badly labelled as Free Trade. It was something much more important than that. It was, indeed, a mass demonstration on a scale never before contemplated by any political caucus (the Liberal majority was 356) that the British Nation, challenged on an issue which deeply and vitally touches its domestic life, can never be stampeded by the mighty engine of the Press nor wooed to its undoing by any "magnetic personality."

No man in the politics of 1906 was comparable with Joseph Chamberlain. Yet the nation against the powerful championship of nearly every newspaper in the country, rejected this popular idol, and submitted its fortunes to—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

NOW, the nation did not choose Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, any more than it has chosen Mr. Stanley Baldwin. But it accepted Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and came greatly to respect him, because he represented a policy which did not threaten to break off relations with its past, a policy which gave the nation a sense of firm and familiar ground under its feet.

Mr. Baldwin first attracted the respect of thinking men by his conduct as a financier and a diplomatist: he has made his way to the confidence of the people by two brief utterances which have had, in my belief, a profounder effect on the public mind than any utterance by any statesman since Gladstone. In one of these utterances he had the courage to tell the House of Commons that if the world and the nation are to save themselves from colossal ruin they must cultivate love; and in the other, he told us all, in the moment of his greatest triumph, that he needed our prayers more than our congratulations.

A statesman who can speak of love in the House of Commons without bringing a derisive scowl to the brow of Mr. Newbold or a sceptical grin to the darkly curtained lips of Sir Alfred Mond: and of prayer in the daily newspaper without making us wonder if he has been speculating on electoral chances from the dissenting peaks of Mr. Lloyd George's ancestral mountains, is surely a man of mark, a competent good Englishman who has something so genuine, wholesome, and solid in his character that it makes a deep impression on the national mind.

HE stands first and foremost for character. He is a man about whose moral life no doubts could arise. He is a good man by every instinct in his nature, by the very health of his mind and body. He is not superior merely to vileness or weakness, but superior to that trifling with flippancy, cynicism, and self-satisfied Fashion which has brought one of his predecessors to a ruin hardly pitiful and almost disreputable.

This firmness and health of his moral nature is fortified by a whimsical good humour and a brain as cool as a cucumber. He possesses an intelligence with which Lord Birkenhead has little or no acquaintance. It is not the intelligence of the lawyer, but the practical and far-seeing intelligence of the cultivated European manufacturer. Moreover, this intelligence has an intimate knowledge of the lives of toiling men who create our wealth. Mr. Baldwin is the first Prime Minister who could go into any factory, foundry or yard throughout the Midlands and the North of England and talk the language of the people.

HE knows that our condition is worse than the daily Press will acknowledge. He knows that our prosperity is still being upheld by the banker rather than created by the manufacturer. Bond Street and Lombard Street do not deceive him. He knows that the clerk, shop-assistant, and merchant do not create wealth, but only handle it. He knows that until the cotton-mills of Lancashire, the woollen mills and steel-works of Yorkshire, and the great ironworks of Durham and Northumberland are working at full pressure, the sufferings of the working people must be great and the financial security of the British Islands a matter of grave anxiety.

The business closest to his mind at this moment is the peace of Europe. He is setting himself with English horse-sense, and with no Celtic flutterings into the region of imagination, to bring the nations of Europe to a real understanding of practical matters—matters of life and death. He is addressing them as a man of business, as he addressed the statesmen and bankers of America, when he settled the Debt, "the most superb act of statesmanship in modern times," says the head of Barclays Bank. He is ready to give way here and there, to make allowance for the accidents of temperament and geography, but nothing on earth will ever budge him from his central position, that unless Europe gets busy within measurable time Europe will take a blood-bath of anarchy. The most obvious thing to him in human life is the profitable wisdom of co-operation and friendship.

Mr. Baldwin sees with calm eyes the great splendour awaiting us in an organised, an intelligent, and a confident development of our imperial heritage. He believes that along this path of worthy adventure, promising a rich prosperity to our British Islands, provided we advance with love and prayer, we can resume the social comradeship of the Great War, and forget all those little naggings and bickerings which distract our attention from our real destiny. Imperialism, for him, is not a stunt of fireworks and bunting, but a matter of happy and healthy children growing up in cheerful British homes with hope in their hearts and a spirited sense of adventure in their minds.

To the question "Who will save us?" he would reply: "No one man, and no body of men, but the whole nation pulling together as one man—as one good Englishman."

AT this time of extreme peril to the industrial foundations of British domestic life, I would sooner follow this man than any other who has been in politics since Disraeli and Gladstone. Let the nation give him his chance, by faithfully following his leadership, by refusing to doubt him at the instigation of political plotters or to desert him at the call of newspaper conspirators in moments of engineered "crisis," and, come what will, he will never let it down.

Our All-

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LORD BIRKENHEAD'S tender solic for the interests of the manual wo (and for the incidental maintenan his class's guardianship over them) touching and beautiful thing.

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John Smith of Oldham, take him all in a rather shrewd and prudent person, who, he spends a shilling, is accustomed to take thought of the investment's purpose and bable profitability. He has therefore ca insisted that if a majority of the members trade union are opposed to the expenditu its funds on political aims, not one penny c diverted to that end; and if he, individ

Can We Afford Children?

by A. G. GARDINER

I FOUND myself the other day in a circle of young married people and was astonished at the extent and intensity of their preoccupation with the subject of Birth Control. Whether they were for or against control, the question was obviously the most acute political and domestic problem of their lives.

The terrific disruption of society consequent on the war has flung us all back violently upon the primal, elementary necessities of life. What shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed? is the question that overshadows all others. The struggle was hard before the war, but the social system, however unsatisfactory, stood four-square to the elements, kept out the weather, and could be relied on to function.

Now the roof is blown away, our certainties have vanished, and life has become a sort of *sauve qui peut*—each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. In these circumstances self-preservation becomes the gospel of the time. The practical question: "Can we afford to bring children into the world?" and the moral question: "Is this a fit world into which to bring children?" are interwoven into a common motive. It is no new phenomenon. It accompanies every great disruption of society.

Behind the personal question, as it affects each of us, is the collective question as it affects the nation. In the old world that has gone we maintained in this island a population of some forty million people, but we maintained them on an artificial basis that has collapsed. We were the workshop of the world, and the world was our market garden. Of all nations we were the least self-contained and depended most the permanence of the world system tha made us rich. That system is torn to s and a new system has got to be slowly together.

What assurance have we that in that s we shall hold the same economic, comm and industrial supremacy that we enjoyed system that has gone?

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Our All-But Revolution!

by A. M. THOMPSON

("Dangle," the well known writer on Labour Topics.)

IS the great revolution, which is to shatter our whole national life, coming like a thief in the night? Or is Mr. A. M. Thompson right when he assures Lord Birkenhead that he can sleep easily in his bed?

LORD BIRKENHEAD'S tender solicitude for the interests of the manual workers (and for the incidental maintenance of his class's guardianship over them) is a touching and beautiful thing.

But as Lord Birkenhead is one of the few politicians for whom I entertain a genuine personal regard, I am most anxious to relieve his mind of excessive worry. He is horribly afraid, for instance, that trade unionists may be taxed against their will for the maintenance of representatives they do not want.

May I, who have perhaps had more opportunity than he of intimate acquaintance with the horny handed sons of toil, assure him that the British workman is not usually built that way?

John Smith of Oldham, take him all in all, is a rather shrewd and prudent person, who, when he spends a shilling, is accustomed to take wary thought of the investment's purpose and probable profitability. He has therefore carefully insisted that if a majority of the members in his trade union are opposed to the expenditure of its funds on political aims, not one penny can be diverted to that end; and if he, individually, would rather not stand his corner, he has the right to fill up a form of exemption, which leaves the entire burden of cost to the other fellows. And in doing so, he suffers no penalty of loneliness, because thousands of his mates are doing it, too.

Under these conditions, Lord Birkenhead really might set his too anxious mind at rest: When John Smith feels the political levy pinching his corns to so awful an extent that he ceases to like it, he is well able to do his own howling.

Lord Birkenhead is sorely perturbed also because it has been borne in upon his fearsome mind that the creed of Messrs. Clynes, Henderson, Shaw, and Thomas, tends to "the disparagement and destruction of private ability, private capacity, and private initiative."

NOW, here I really do marvel at His Lordship. Has Lord Birkenhead ever known a man standing on the upper grades of a ladder to disparage and seek to destroy the medium by which he rose from the ground?

Mr. Clynes, as a boy, worked in a cotton factory. Mr. Henderson was a moulder. Mr. Shaw, who can speak and write French almost as well as a Parisian, who can deliver eloquent oratory in German, whom I have heard expressing his wants in Rome to the amazed understanding of Italians, and who, I believe, has a fluent conversational understanding of Russian, started life as a half-timer in a cotton mill, and has acquired the whole of his linguistic proficiency by self-teaching.

Mr. Thomas, one of the most astute politicians in Parliament, began his career as a railway carriage-cleaner. Mr. Tillett, Mr. Stephen Walsh, Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, Mr. Frank Rose—in fact, all the leaders of Labour withwhom I am personally acquainted—have climbed to the topmost pinnacle of British citizenship by virtue of their own intellectual attainments, without any help of birth, social influence, or hereditary wealth.

LORD BIRKENHEAD himself is a brilliant testimony of what brains can do in this free and democratic country. The men I have named are even more so, because they all started with a handicap of poverty and maleducation, from which Lord Birkenhead was saved by the social status of his parents. They are the proudest example of what can be done in Britain by "private ability, private capacity, and private initiative."

The difference between Lord Birkenhead and his Labour opponents is not a difference as to the merit of private ability, but only as to its desert in pounds, shillings, and pence, and its right to impose conditions of life upon those less-favoured in intellectual capacity. The new order in politics has not originated from the greed or envy of the slumscum, but from the altruistic shame and discomfort of the well-to-do middle classes.

The men who incited the founding of a Labour Party were not denizens of Arcadia Buildings in the Old Kent Road or Cherry Tree Gardens in Bermondsey, but prosperous examples of "private ability, private capacity, and private initiative"; like Bernard Shaw and Robert Blatchford. They were persons who could quite easily bear the cost of £5 for a dinner; but were troubled with the spirit of discontent because they could not bear the cost to their consciences of the families who could not afford a penny for a herring.

Mr. Arthur Henderson—Organiser of the Labour Party

Sooner or later these humanitarian souls will probably elect a so-called Labour Government. But when that happens they won't allow Lord Birkenhead to be consigned, *a la lanterne*, nor scrap the British Constitution. They will merely give a new harmless missionary turn to the evolution of politics, which started with the divine right of kings, developed into aristocratic feudalism, lent the reins to plutocracy, and is now inevitably mastered by the multitude.

SIR WM. VERNON HARCOURT said many years ago that "we are all Socialists now." That fact grows. Mr. Lloyd George talks of "the infamy of slums." The Archbishop of York says that "great industries can no longer remain as really private enterprises run for private profit," but must depend on humane considerations. Mr. Ford says that "a business which makes nothing but money is a poor kind of business." Sir Donald Maclean, speaking for the Liberals, says that "in communal co-operation is to be found the cure for industrial troubles. It is time for the nation to recognise that Labour is not only entitled to its fair share of the financial results, but to a fair share in the control of industry."

There it beautifully is. British workers, whether wise or otherwise, have been persuaded by their "betters," to secure a bigger share of the national wealth than they have hitherto enjoyed, and a more definite share in the control of their conditions of work.

But the huge gap in liberty of life between the drudges and the bosses must in some way be narrowed. Unless the wise captains of industry make timely concession to sensible evolutionary pressure, Lord Birkenhead's fears may be justified. In this country of nicely balanced and well-timed expediencies, extremes clash, and like automatically answers like.

IN the eternal process of human development we have reached a new evolutionary stage.

The old ideas of absolute mastership in industry are as dead as the divine right of kings. A new era of democratic enterprise is beginning.

"The important thing to-day," lately said Lord Robert Cecil, "is not profit sharing, but sharing in management. A man is entitled to choose what he wants to do and a management of the industry in which he is concerned."

"I would rather," says Sir Samuel Fay, manager of the Great Central Railway, "have Labour men inside a business than outside it."

Let Lord Birkenhead steal a few occasional winks of sleep at nights. The Social Revolution in Britain will be continued in many of our next

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by A. G. GARDINER

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What assurance have we that in that system we shall hold the same economic, commercial and industrial supremacy that we enjoyed in the system that has gone?

Some gloomy prophets tell us that instead of feeding and clothing forty millions of people in the future, this island will be able to feed and clothe only twenty millions. I do not take that view. I think that, apart from any virtues in ourselves, there are permanent advantages in our position which give us as good a chance of recovery as that possessed by any country.

There are other considerations working in the same direction. The high cost of living makes it impossible for the prudent householder to face the burden of a big family. The shortage of housing accommodation forbids children. I sat on the Birth Rate Commission some time ago and listened to evidence which showed that in many districts the landlords bar tenants with children.

These are the sort of things which make birth control the most acute of practical problems. It emerges not from moral or immoral considerations, but from the hard facts of life, and the just insistence on an improvement in the quality rather than the quantity of life. That is not necessarily a bad thing, and if it raises the standard of living it will be a good thing. We need have no fear that the race is going to perish. It is only readjusting itself to its conditions.

A Vulture Among Turtle Doves!

AN abandoned woman, apparently respectable, and completely unscrupulous, is living in luxury in Mayfair, pandering to the rich and vicious, and entrapping young girls to their ruin. For many years she has carried on her wicked business with complete immunity. She laughs at the less skilful women who are constantly harried and raided by the police, and has made all arrangements in case of trouble to start again, under another name and in a new line.

IS it not time that the authorities devised entirely new methods to cope with the whole class of female vultures who prey upon the simplicity and inexperience of young women on the fringe of society life in London?

There are many organisations for safeguarding girls of the working classes, and in any case the condition under which working girls are brought up make them much more alert than the daughters of the black-coated class.

There is an increasing number of evil women who live and flourish by trapping middle and better class girls, and leading them into the blind alleys of vice.

THE particular vulture to whom we refer is a fully-qualified masseuse and trained nurse.

We do not publish her name for two reasons. In the first place, there is a large number of people always only too anxious to know the name and address of a person of this kind, and we do not propose to give them any assistance. In the second place, enquiries are being made and certain people are being watched, and we do not think it desirable at such a moment to alarm the suspected persons. But we have the name and address of this woman. We are keeping it by us for reference; and we are quite prepared to place it, if desired, at the disposal of Scotland Yard.

We believe that action will certainly follow this exposure, and we have made it in the hope of giving a warning to the unwary people upon whom persons like this trade. The fact that she is a clever woman and disguises herself and her activities so successfully, makes her all the more dangerous.

THIS wretched creature made a rich harvest after the war, which would have enabled her to retire in comfort, but her greed is unsatiable, and after a period of inactivity she is back again, practising her wiles and collecting her victims, in Mayfair.

She formerly ran two businesses, one legitimate and one illegitimate in Regent Street.

As a masseuse she advertised in an irreproachable newspaper, and had quite a good clientele, the greater proportion of which was quite innocent of her real character.

Those who sought massage under medical advice were quite correctly catered for at her establishment, though they must have been rather surprised to see her and her assistant going about in dressy, low-necked white overalls, with jade-green belts, and silk stockings and high-heeled satin slippers of the same colour.

But she had an entirely different plan with clients whom after a short acquaintance she found to be of a "sporty" character.

In a flat conveniently situated near the same building dwelt two young women who ran a manicure establishment, or rather, what purported to be a manicure establishment, and to them were passed on such clients as had money to burn, and desired to make the acquaintance of girls who were willing to entertain them.

THE advantage of this procedure for the masseuse is evident. Under the London County Council regulations, the doors of treating-rooms in establishments devoted to massage, must always be unlocked while patients are undergoing treatment, and the Council's inspectors are constantly going round seeing that these regulations are obeyed.

A breach of them is a serious matter, and usually leads to the withdrawal of, or a refusal to renew, the licence. These regulations do not apply, however, to establishments devoted to manicure, and by passing on her clients, this woman eliminated the risk and divided the profits.

These profits were very great, for among her clientele were many rich and profligate members of the aristocracy, a number of rich City men, and a large following of wealthy manufacturers from the North of England.

Most of these persons came to her in assumed names, their position being such that they could not venture to risk blackmail.

In these assumed names they made appointments by letter, by telephone, and by personal calls, and whatever their requirements or desires, the nurse never showed any difficulty in accommodating them.

BUT this was the least dangerous and dreadful part of her wickedness. She is also an exceedingly deft and dangerous procuress.

She comes at a fixed time every day to a tea-shop not far from her establishment, which is largely frequented by girls of the class who worked in Government offices during the war, and subsequently took up secretarial or similar employment. Many of these girls, whose homes are in the country, returned to their parents during the period of depression, but have now come back to London seeking a more exciting life and an opportunity to earn their own living and make a career for themselves.

This woman generally has two or three pet dogs or kittens with her. She specialises in animals and finds them very useful in helping her to scrape acquaintance with her prospective clients.

She finds out those who are dissatisfied with their employment, or unable to get work, or otherwise harassed or depressed.

Full of apparently genuine sisterly sympathy—this harpy is quite young and very attractive-looking, with a winsome smile, beautiful teeth and a silvery laugh—she cheers up her new-found friend, and invites her round to her flat for a cup of tea, and to see her Persian kittens and other animals.

PERHAPS two or three quite harmless visits are paid, and then the wiles begin.

The nurse points out how dreadful it is to be hard up, and how foolish.

The temptations held out differ according to the temperament and receptivity of the victim. She points out how a great deal of money can be made by a nice girl who is vivacious and agreeable, a "good sport" and interested in Bohemian life.

Above all, she urges, there is no danger to the girl herself. All she is asked to do in some cases is to go out to dinner with a well-to-do old man from the Colonies, who is lonely and wants the company and the friendship of a bright young woman. For this he is quite willing to pay on a lavish scale. The nurse does not mention the possibility of a trip to Brighton, in which the last train home is accidentally missed, but that is a usual part of her scheme.

In some instances motoring trips are arranged, with, of course, no anticipation of the intended breakdown.

At other times there is an invitation to join a little yachting-party, or to spend a week-end in a houseboat on the river, at which she herself will of course be present as chaperone.

Then again, where the girl does not appear unduly timid, it is pointed out that there is a rich financial reward for those who will pose as artists' models, and allow themselves to be photographed in what are euphemistically termed "Bohemian pictures." The victim does not realise that if she takes part in photographs of this kind they may be faked in such a way as to make her an easy and helpless victim of blackmail, when her ruin is swiftly accomplished.

IN other cases, a girl's vanity is played upon. She is told that a very good secretarial position can be got for her, but to obtain it she will require a good supply and variety of thoroughly smart dresses.

The harpy undertakes to get the outfit for her victim and arranges an interview for her with people whom she knows, and who make it a business to sell clothes on credit to establishments like hers. These people share the profits, and if the victim, having run up a bill which she cannot pay, does not do what she is told, she is threatened with exposure, and quickly blackmailed into complete obedience.

THIS dreadful woman is now practising her old tricks in Mayfair. Her clientele is now so extensive that she does not need to advertise. She is only one of many who are claiming innocent victims and ruining young lives. So far she has successfully dodged the police, and has not even left herself open to their activities. She openly boasts that if she should come under their ban she has made all arrangements to start a bogus typing and translation bureau in another part of the West End, and to continue her plunder there.

THERE is only one thing she is afraid of—a trained woman detective who will worm a way into her confidence, and get to learn the inner secrets of her horrible trade. Such detectives do not exist officially, but only in private agencies which have no direct or public concern in these matters.

For this reason it is clear that new official methods are needed to cope with elusive and dangerous pests of this kind.

Why should the evil doer be allowed all the best cards in the game?

THE

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

A Noble Son

"I FEEL terribly, the humiliation of the whole family being dependent on a boy of 20 years of age. My husband died in 1916. I worked for five years after that in the War Office to support my family, but for the past two years have only had a few weeks temporary work, and was four months in hospital. I have had to sell my home bit by bit. Now we are living in furnished apartments at thirty shillings a week, myself, my boy, and his three younger sisters, aged fifteen, thirteen and ten.

"My dear boy supports us all out of his wages. He is in an engineering works, very keen and very well thought of. But this drain on him is cruel. It is spoiling his prospects, as he cannot get the money together to study and take his degree. He says nothing, but I know he is brooding."

"Humanist" says:—*A good boy—God bless him. You may be a proud, if a distressed mother. In a year or two your daughters may be able to earn something. Write to me and tell me what you did in the War Office. If you could get employment it would help to ease the burden and save a boy who so well deserves it.*

His Wife's Mother

"I AM a married man, disabled in the war. Not being able to follow my pre-war occupation, the Government have given me training in a new trade, which means my being separated from my wife. As a consequence of this, my mother-in-law has made some very unpleasant remarks, saying that I have arranged this separation for other reasons. My wife has gone to live with some friends, but she relies solely upon her mother for advice, and wants me to forfeit my present work and look for something where she is, which would be a fruitless task, considering that I cannot pick and choose my profession now, and would probably be unemployed again for a long time. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says: *If your wife is at all reasonable, you will be able to make her see matters in the right light As for your mother-in-law's attitude, ignore it. But in any case, go on with your training.*

A Distressing Experience

"A WAR widow since 1917, I married again, and have an excellent husband. This year, on the anniversary of my first husband's death, a letter was pushed under the door, purporting to come from him. It explained that he was not killed, but taken prisoner by the Russians as a German spy, and taken to Siberia. It asked me to meet him at an appointed spot, bringing all the money I could, as he wanted to go to America and leave me in peace.

"My present husband found the letter and took it to my brother. They decided to consult the police. That night my husband and brothers and police went to the spot indicated in the letter. But no one was there. If anybody had been there, it would have been God help him! I know the letter is a fraud and forgery, but I think when a man has done his duty they might let him rest."

"Humanist" says:—*A very distressing experience, suggesting the work either of a lunatic or a blackmailer. Fortunately for you your husband is a man of sense, and acted like one. You can rely on him to protect you. If it is a lunatic he will probably give himself away: if a blackmailer he will give up the effort as hopeless.*

Son and Lover

"I WAS married at 17 years of age. Having no children we adopted a four months old baby boy. My husband died when our boy was 14. A year later our boy entered the navy. Time went on till he was 23. Then our greetings on his coming on leave became somewhat strained. He started my thoughts by suddenly calling me Hilda instead of mother. (By the way I had previously told him the facts of his not being our child owing to some boys throwing it at him during play.)

"His letters began to read differently. I became aware that I loved him not as a son. Then, just as he was bound away on a three years commission he wrote and said he should expect to marry me on his return as he loved me for myself, as a woman. Ought I to discourage him?"

"Humanist" says:—*You are nearly twenty years older than the young man. There is no legal or moral reason why you should not marry him. But it would certainly be a most unwise marriage. Give him no encouragement. Give him instead a chance in the next three years to forget so ill-balanced an infatuation.*

A Foolish Woman

"ABOUT this time last year I started betting, thinking I should make some money. I lost and kept on trying to get it back. I got heavily in debt.

"I dare not tell my husband, though he is a good man. I have pawned even my wedding ring. I am a good woman, and have now given up betting, and will never bet again.

"What do you advise me to do—is there anywhere I could apply for help?"

"Humanist" says:—*Do not make a tragedy out of a misfortune. Tell your husband. There are worse crimes than betting, though it was foolish in your circumstances. If you add concealment to folly you will give your husband double cause to grieve. Have confidence in a kind husband's kindness. Why not show him this?*

A Guilty Secret

"I AM engaged in a provincial hotel, run by my employer and his wife. They have both been very good to me, a nineteen-year-old boy, without relatives in this country. By accident I have made a shocking discovery—that my employer's wife is not true to him. She is carrying on with a commercial traveller.

"She knows that I have discovered her shameful secret, and at first was specially kind to me, until I began to be afraid of her kindness. More than once I had difficulty in keeping away from her.

"Now she has turned against me, and is trying to do her best to get me dismissed. Should I protect myself by telling her husband?"

"Humanist" says:—*You discovered the guilty secret by accident. To protect yourself you may think you have the right to give it away, but a generous man does not reveal secrets so learned. It is sometimes better to be generous than just. Go to the commercial traveller, tell him your difficulty, and ask him to let this woman alone. If he refuses, seek employment elsewhere. It is better to suffer than to be mean—and if others choose to act wrongly, you cannot help that.*

Medicine for a Bully

"DURING the past few months, I have realised the meaning of 'a drop of water can wear away a stone.' I work amongst a large number of workmates, one of whom for no apparent reason hates me. He simply delights, during meal hours, to insult me in every way he can. He doesn't joke, he speaks with venom, cold and calculated. Before he came to the works I was a well-respected workman, but since—

"The obvious man-to-man thing for me to do is to 'go for him,' but I am only 5 ft. 5 in. and 9 stone, whilst he is about 6 ft. and 13 to 14 stone. I would easily come off second best. Beside fighting is strictly taboo in the works, and means 'the sack'—a bad outlook for a family man, as I am. He again holds the points, for he is single. 'Clatting' to the boss isn't in my line.

"You will probably see how my pride and manhood are lowered, and the mental anguish of my position. Even if I fight this bully, and get the inevitable beating from his hands, the insults will continue afterwards, I know. I cannot consider throwing up my job on account of the others whom I work for. Can you advise me, please?"

"Humanist" says:—*Borrow a six-foot, fourteen stone pal and lend him to the bully. Select one who can use his fists and works elsewhere. After the bully has got what is coming to him, tell him there's lots more where it came from if he doesn't keep a civil tongue in his head.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others.

May and December.

"I am a girl of twenty-two, recently acquainted with a man of seventy, who looks fifty and is tall and straight. He owns a small business and wants to marry me."

I cannot advise you to marry him, nor do I think he ought to press it. Remember that when you are forty-two, he, if still living, will be ninety.

A Boy's Future.

"I am sixteen. I want to go into business. My father wants me to learn a trade I hate."

Your future, not your father's, is at stake. Respectfully but firmly tell him your intentions. He will probably let you fight your own way. But think seriously over his advice.

A Death-bed Promise.

"A friend of mine promised his wife as she lay dying that he would never marry again. Another woman has come into his life. Should he marry her?"

Yes. A promise from which one cannot be released is obviously unfair, and the duty to the living is not inferior to the duty to the dead. The promise was made in good faith. Why not assume release from it in equally good faith?

The Wife who Stole.

"My wife, previously married, took my savings and sent them to her daughter, in trouble, in Canada. She also took my father's and brother's savings. She is a good wife apart from this."

Money troubles are the least in domestic life. Of course, it is hard lines on you. Work hard, replace the money, and keep a stiff upper lip. There is nothing finer than kindness in another's trouble, and courage in your own.

Revenge and Drink.

"On my declining to become engaged to him, a friend of mine has taken to drink—to revenge himself on me. Should I relent?"

Let him alone. The man who drinks to punish a good woman will make a bad husband.

Friendship and Love.

"My friend and I both wish to keep company with the same girl. She refuses to decide between us, as it would wreck our friendship."

She does not love either of you. Do not exchange warm friendship for luke-warm love.

An Easy Answer.

"A man I met in a boarding-house borrowed £60 from me on terms of honour. He has decamped. By accident I found his address. He has borrowed money from a young fellow, too, and not repaid it. He takes no notice of letters."

Waste no time. Ask a solicitor to sue him at once.

Short-sighted Consideration.

I have lost a diamond brooch while the painters were in my house. The foreman is a friend of my husband and I do not like to make a complaint. The brooch was given me by my dying mother. Can you advise me what to do?

Ask your husband to tell the foreman. If he is a friend he will not mind, and if he is an honest man he will try to trace the thief.

Matri-money!

"I have a good salary, but have lost all my savings in a fraudulent company. If I tell my prospective father-in-law, he may break off my engagement. Should I?"

Only the girl can break the engagement not the father. If you were married the loss would be your joint affair only. Is it not the same when you are engaged? Tell the girl, by all means. But no solvent man is obliged to present a balance-sheet to his prospective father-in-law.

A Matter of Conscience.

"My husband wants to invest his savings in a public-house. I have conscientious scruples. What should I do?"

If it were your savings and your conscience you could object with stronger reason. But it is his savings, and his risk—both here and hereafter.

Still Paying.

"A young man, I went to jail. I paid my penalty for folly and discharged the debt. My daughter is engaged to a man I don't like. When I object to him he throws in my face the expiated sin of my youth."

Not a nice prospective son-in-law. But it is not wise to interfere with lovers, unless there is something worse against the man than shocking bad manners. You do not suggest there is.

A Domestic Catastrophe!

"Mother is devoted to cats, father hates them. We have nine—the eldest old and blind and sneezy and wheezy. I love cats, in small quantities. I also love my mother and my father, but my home life is becoming unbearable.

My sympathy is with your father. A home should be a home, not a cat's home. One or two cats per head is a reasonable family allowance.

Gratitude and Business.

"I am an invalid woman. My fat'er, a prosperous printer, left a legacy of five thousand pounds to his manager. This man has now, with the money, started in opposition and taken away most of the customers. It looks like early ruin for me."

A hard case. Get your solicitor to suggest an amalgamation, safeguarding you with something regular out of the joint business.

Give Him Up!

"I find I have not the affection I should have for the man I am going to marry. We agreed to separate for a month. After a week he asked me to go back to him. To please my parents I returned. Am I doing right?"

No! Give him up at once. A loveless marriage is hell upon earth.

Working for Nothing.

"For four years I have not drawn my full salary, to help my employer, who is my uncle. Now he tells me the business is insolvent and must be wound up. I have no documents."

You can claim for wages for a limited period, and your claim will be admitted if your uncle supports it.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

U.S. Cranks and Crooks

by HARRISON OWEN

SUPPRESSING a yawn, Ronald McNeill, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of sleeping while on duty.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., for the public, said that the charge might be divided into two parts, the first of which related to the inactivity of the accused in connection with the Americans' attempt to prevent the carriage of liquor for the use of passengers and crews of vessels entering American ports. "We do not deny the right of the United States to attempt to make drunken Americans sober by keeping sober ones thirsty," said Mr. Watchdog, "but we do emphatically protest against any attempt to make the Atlantic Ocean 'dry'!

"Vigorous action by France, Italy and Spain has won for the ships of these nations the right to carry liquor into American territorial waters and for a ship's surgeon to dispense liquor for 'medicinal' purposes while the vessel is in port. This, doubtless, will lead to a marked increase in sickness, or what I may call U.S.A-ilments, but any alarming symptoms are likely to disappear once the Statue of Liberty is left behind.

"WHILE other nations were thus vindicating the freedom of the seas, the accused was actually considering a proposal to extend the freedom of the seize, as claimed by America, by entering into a treaty under which, in return for certain doubtful 'concessions,' American officials would be allowed to search British vessels within 12 miles of the coast, instead of within the three-mile limit laid down by international law. I can only regard this as a proposal to

legalise a form of official piracy upon the high (and dry) seas.

"In other directions," continued Mr. Watchdog, "accused has shown that he values repose above the best interests of the nation. It is, for example, notorious that there has lately been a big influx of American crooks to this country, but if British Consuls in America, who are under McNeill's control, had exercised proper watchfulness these undesirables would never have been granted visas. As it is, while decent British travellers are being subjected to indignities at Ellis Island, Americans of notoriously bad character are being granted passports and allowed to make this country their happy stunting-ground."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that attempts at watering down the American dry laws were quite useless. As for the allegation that undesirable Americans were coming to this country, he would remind the court that we were heavily in Uncle Sam's debt, and it ill became us to do anything that might offend a powerful creditor, especially in view of the well-known fact that America had won the war on our behalf.

"I am heartily in accord with the verdict," remarked Mr. Justice Bull after the jury had found the accused "Guilty." "The defence put forward on behalf of McNeill merely aggravates his offence, as I have yet to learn that the only European country which is paying its war debt should be the first to submit to any injustice its creditor may put upon it. The prisoner would have had the support of the majority of the Bull public if he had proposed retaliatory legislation, such as a law compelling the dumping overboard, as soon as British territorial waters are reached, of all chewing-gum and tortoiseshell spectacles carried by American ships.

"Unfortunately," concluded Mr. Justice Bull, "while the American Eagle was flapping its wings and making fierce noises through its beak, the prisoner behaved with dove-like meekness and owl-like indifference. I cannot do less than order that he be forbidden all medicinal beverages, including sleeping draughts, until his too-abundant tranquillity is replaced by a little pugnacity.

"I also direct that whenever McNeill approaches within three miles of the Houses of Parliament he shall be searched by specially selected Yankee cracksmen to see if he has a punch concealed about his person."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"NORTH STAR": — "The previous highest record is held by Manchester where it once rained for 200 DAYS IN ONE WEEK."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS":— "The outbreak originated in the coal cellar on the TOP FLOOR and spread rapidly to the caretaker's quarters IMMEDIATELY ABOVE."

"GRIMSBY DAILY TELEGRAPH":— "The Market Keeper said the toll before the war was 1s. Since the complaints had been made he had, according to instructions, REDUCED the toll to 1s. 6d."

"EVENING NEWS":—"Wanted to share cricket pitch, two nights a week. . . Apply, secretary, IN A WELL-CUT NAVY GABARDINE, stating terms."

"HULL EVENING NEWS":—"He gave chase, and caught the prisoner IN FRANCE."

"STAR":—"An Italian dancing expert has broken the record for non-stop dancing for 76 HOURS and 45 MINUTES in a dancing match between four experts which BEGAN in Paris LAST NIGHT."

"GIRLS' MIRROR":—"In this little office-like place the two STOOD comparatively alone. The man SAT AT A TABLE, his face buried on his arms."

"WESTERN EVENING HERALD" (advert.): — "Three UNFURNISHED rooms: one, two or three months, convenient and COMFORTABLY FURNISHED."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS" (advert.):—"Lost, Friday evening, Workman's wages, ONE POUND AND TWO TEN-SHILLING NOTES. Reward £15."

"SMART FICTION":—"'And how I should just love a dance' sighed Phil enviously, her dark LASHES DROOPING SLEEPILY BEHIND HER BRONZE HEAD."

"UNION JACK LIBRARY":—"The chair SPLINTERED against the CURTAIN."

"WEST SUSSEX GAZETTE" (advert.):— "Wanted, experienced, on gentleman's estate, good clean milker, AGE ELEVEN. Excellent EIGHT YEARS' Character."

Sports and by ROWLEY

ASCOT is over. We're all broke. Now for Goodwood! It is this spirit of unbending optimism that makes the bookmaker fat and the little punter steal furtively to the baby's money box.

* * *

Oh, what a "big ideah," as the author of "The Young Visiter" has it, came unstuck when the King's colt got his nose in front of Rock Fire! The Rock Fire people had it all to themselves, and, as it was generally believed and assiduously advertised by well-meaning people that Rock Fire couldn't act on hard going, the public was not "on."

* * *

And Jarvie, too! Fancy Jarvie being there, and the Pondolands and Westmeads and Condovers down the course. And poor Mr. Batho, who so seldom entertains angels unawares—imagine his amazement to see Jarvie keeping ahead of his field. Now here's a tip for all and sundry. Put Jarvie and Rock Fire on your list of sure and certain winners. You may have to wait until round about Doncaster week, but you'll back winners.

* * *

On the whole, Ascot taught us a few lessons by which we may profit.

Lesson I.

Legality is a dog horse and you can leave him out of any little transactions that you make.

Lesson II.

An owner holding the exalted rank of H.H. the Aga Khan would be well-advised to make a declaration when he runs two horses; otherwise, the fact that a horse carries second colours gives the impression that the horse carrying first colours is the best. I was in a box near to the cheaper rings, and the ugly little roar that went up when Paola's number went into the frame was rather unpleasant.

Lesson III.

Pondoland is a horse that I should leave alone in the future, whilst another of the same kidney is Monarch.

Lesson IV.

Tranquil is finished until the autumn.

* * *

There is one horse that I want to back for the Stewards' Cup. I saw him run at Ascot, and a finer type of six-furlong sprinter I never wish to see. And it wasn't Scyphius nor Chosroes. We shall be hearing about this latter horse one of these days. The story that he had never been galloped over a mile is fudge. He is a son of Clarissimus and Torlos, and is roughly about 11 lbs. behind Miltiades, which would put him on the same mark (in the Free Handicap) as Irette.

* * *

I hear that Gardner will not be riding as first jockey for Lord Derby after this season. Personally, I think he rode a very good race on the non-staying Pharos, and if he got hopped and knocked about that was not Gardner's fault.

* * *

And talking of knocking horses about, one of the foulest riders I have seen for a long time is a youngster who is still in his apprenticeship. I saw something at Newbury a couple of weeks ago that should have brought him before the stewards and resulted in his being put down for the rest of the season.

* * *

Some of these kids cannot "carry corn," and as soon as they find a couple of hundred to their credit in the local bank, or paste in their scrap-books a few examples of the ill-considered flattery which paragraph writers give them, their pudden heads get too large—and they put on weight.

* * *

Overheard at Ascot:

"Who's this Agra Can, Jim?"

"Gawd knows—but he can't be much of a 'can'—he don't bet."

The Final Day.

The only really comforting circumstance about the last day of Royal Ascot was the weather. Tharros (100/6), Crowdennis (100/8), Bucks Hussar (8/1), and the like were not results best calculated to envelop the average backer with an aura of contentment, and in the circumstances the least one could look for was a little sunshine.

Gurzil.

Gurzil, to whom I referred last week, make his first public appearance in the Windsor Castle Stakes, and fully justified the opinion that had been formed as to his merits, being beaten by Purple Shade solely on account of inexperience. This colt is well worth watching.

ASCOT.

There's something in the Ascot air
More potent than the glands of monkeys—
Perhaps the frillies of the fair,
The scarlet of the royal flunkeys,
The flowers or the tootling band—
It's something I can't understand.

For on the Royal Heath, there comes
The strangest change to many horses
On which we wagered mighty sums
When failing on a dozen courses.
And lo! upon an Ascot day
They cast their ancent form away!

These "also rans" whose listless pace
Has broken all our hearts and pockets,
Are foremost in the fastest race,
Damp squibs become like flaming rockets.
Winning for people well-connected,
And very, very much expected.

"Can this be so-and-so?" we ask
"Who only yesterday at Umpton
When set a very easy task
Ran like old Governor Wood at Plumpton?
Unplaced, outpaced, is it the same
Whose number Rob's put in the frame?"

Alas! it is. The Ascot air,
Miraculous and charged with healing,
Has introduced to trunks of hair
That nippy, zippy Kruschen feeling
So raise your brimming glasses high
To Ascot—where the horses "try."

Ascot's Two Surprises.

There were two very great sources of surprise at Ascot. The first of these was the fact that no new and good two-year-old put in an appearance, and the second was the amazing success which attended Mr. Alec Taylor's indifferent horses.

Two of these in Juniso and East Tor earned winning brackets for a very long time, though when we looked on last year's form it was easy to see that Juniso was the equal of Double Hackle.

Taylor is a most patient and careful trainer, and the victories of these two horses do him infinite credit.

Hunt Cup Competition.

As usual, thousands of postcards were received for this competition. An amusing feature about a very large number of the entries was the forecasts of the time in which the race would be run. Actually, this was 1m. 39s. The forecasts ranged from 4m. 30s. to 40 secs.! The horse is a noble animal, but 7 fur. 160 yds. in 40 seconds is going some.

The Winner.

Only one competitor succeeded in naming the first and fourth in the Royal Hunt Cup. His name is: R. HOWARD, The Bungalow, Lent Green, Burnham, Bucks., and a cheque for £10 is accordingly being sent to him.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Northumberland Plate.

I understand that, after all, Soubriquet, will take her chance here, and if she runs I shall expect to see her win. Bellman continues to give complete satisfaction, and, whatever happens here, I feel sure there is a nice handicap to be won by him—and it will probably be in the Cesarewitch.

* * *

Topboot.—This horse is now at the top of his form, and was much expected when winning the Gatwick Handicap. His next outing will be the Balcombe Stakes at Brighton, and he should be followed.

* * *

Wood Harmony.—I feel sure this horse will win a race shortly. He has been rather a disappointment so far, but is now moving in very convincing style. I understand he runs for the Grand Stand Welter Handicap at Brighton on Thursday, and should not be missed.

* * *

Ruysdael has only been out once this season, running unplaced to Polydipsia for the Crawford Plate at Newmarket, but he was not expected on that occasion. His last year's performance will bear inspection, he being only beaten a head by Soldennis for the Ayr Gold Cup, and later beating a field of useful sprinters at Newmarket. This son of Valens is without doubt the best horse in Walters' string. He runs at Newcastle on Thursday for the Gosforth Park Cup, and I am confident that whatever wins has this one to beat.

* * *

Fastolite will be much better for his race at Beverley, where he won in easy fashion from Monk of Blyth. About a mile and a half is his best course. He will strip a much fitter horse the next time out, which, I understand, will be the Newcastle Handicap Plate on Thursday.

* * *

After running a close third to Mouse Trap and Polydipsia at Newmarket, Lieutenant went slightly amiss, but he is all right now, and is striding out in such good style that he looks like making amends for his defeat by winning next time out, probably at Brighton.

* * *

One of De Mestre's best youngsters is Polyphontes. He showed to advantage when galloped with Wykeham, Tutankhamen and Zefa f. from Colling's stable, conceding a fair amount of weight. This one will pay to follow.

The way Americus Boy goes in his home gallops suggests that he could win anything. He has disappointed so far, and I don't think he is in love with the game, but I should advise those who have lost money over him to give him another chance. He runs, I believe, in the Sussex Plate at Brighton on Thursday. The easy track will be just to his liking, and, if well drawn, he should win.

* * *

Although Appleby ran third to Straitlace at Epsom, she is expected by her connections to show to best advantage on a galloping course. She is a good game filly.

* * *

Polymorpheus is a fine, big colt, who shows great promise. He wants a race, but I shall be very surprised if this good-looking son of Polymelus does not make a name for himself. He is fairly straight in condition and will win in due course.

* * *

Procyon is a big, fine, upstanding colt by Sunstar, who can gallop. He has been put alongside the best of B. Jarvis's youngsters, and he showed them a clean pair of heels. This one is worth keeping a close watch on.

* * *

Town Guard will be seen out again shortly—I believe for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park—and I think he will tell a different tale. He is striding out in good style again now, and must be given another chance.

* * *

Although only a second rater, Alector, trained by Griggs, is going in good style just now and can be placed to win a minor event very soon. He is, I understand, running for the Portslade Selling Handicap at Brighton, and, being well down the handicap, should make a bold bid for victory.

* * *

Rosewing has yet to catch the judge's eye, but she has been going with Young Pole and Portumna in some good, striding gallops over a mile and upwards, and has shown to advantage on several occasions. This well-bred filly will be seen in winning colours before the season is far advanced, and should be noted.

* * *

A filly who has come on by leaps and bounds lately is Vesper Belle, trained by J. Jarvis. When tested with Halidome and several others, she had matters all her own way, taking the lead soon after the start and remaining in front throughout. Watch this one.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

NEWCASTLE, Wednesday, June 27.

2.0 Doon Star (Home Star, Manver).
2.30 Kissing Song (Perhaps So, Bella Do).
3.10 NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE: Carpathus (Jazz Band, Young Pole).
3.40 Harpenden (Mill Belle, Bart Snowball).
4.10 Home Fire (Galloping Slav, Vaulter).
4.40 Runamine f. (Maintop, Mah-Jongg).

NEWCASTLE, Thursday, June 28.

1.30 Grey Lady (Stage Favourite, Galloping Slav.)
2.0 Silver Sand (Forerunner, Sierra Leone).
2.30 A.B.C. (Hunting Song, Wild Mint).
3.0 Sun Gold (Appleby, Hippolyte f.).
3.30 Bridesmaid (Amazement, Burnt Almond filly).
4.0 Brisi.

BRIGHTON, Wednesday, June 27.

2.0 Galeachi (King George, London Pride).
2.30 Golden Error (Cotswold, Bookham Star).
3.0 Golden Duke (Lucky Prince, Charles Surface).
3.30 Ulula (Tomahawk, Topboot).
4.0 White Bread (Clio f., Irish Dail).
4.30 Harry Tate.

BRIGHTON, Thursday, June 28.

2.0 Grand Duke II. (Milewater, Martinique).
2.30 Wedding Chime f. (Clean Baby, Charity f.).
3.0 Royal Hussar (Wittol, Tibet).
3.30 Blarney Stone (Deflation, Wild Mint).
4.0 Green Islet (Kitten on the Keys, Thistle Glass).
4.30 Gentleman of France.

SANDOWN, Friday, June 29.

2.0 Bourton Dusk (Landorf, Moidore).
2.30 Arrowy (Phlox, Gypsy).
3.0 Perth (Lighthouse, Star Chamber).
3.30 Lieutenant (Azimuth, Detrimental).
4.0 Chicken Pie g. (Cockpit, Pittendynie).
4.30 Waterwitch (Herod Philip, Great Joy).

SANDOWN, Saturday, June 30.

2.0 Scotch Reel (Bookham Star, Tibet).
2.30 Sunday Gambler (Phlox, Williamina II. c.).
3.0 Bowood (Regout, Spes).
3.30 Straitlace (Honan, Beresford).
4.0 Cortona (Royal Hussar, Fernley).
4.30 Star Chamber (Monnale, Phaon).

Sportsmen
MILE

Grand Polly's outing at Newbury will have brought her along nicely. She beat everything in the Kennet Stakes except the winner, Purple Shade, after starting slowly and running a bit green.

* * *

Without a doubt the best horse that Peck trains is Clashgour, who is in top-hole condition just now. He ran a good second to Melibeus at Haydock Park giving the winner five pounds. He has done well since then, and shows to great advantage in all his home spins. Lord Durham is rather partial to winning in the north, and it is quite likely Clashgour will score at Newcastle.

* * *

At his best, Golden Arch is very useful. Just now he is striding out with rare dash and freedom, and is, moreover, being trained as if wanted to run at an early date. He is a big, strong, powerful colt, and weight would not affect him so much as a lighter-framed animal. He is game, honest and very consistent.

* * *

Adele was tried good enough to win any selling race before going to Newbury, but failed to get placed. Do not pay much attention to that running. I expect to see her winning in due course.

* * *

Spalpeen has been tried to be more than useful, and was fancied a lot when running third to Stowe at Newbury, but, like the majority of two-year-olds the first time out, ran very green. He is a nice type of horse, with heaps of room for improvement. I have every confidence in this good-looking Tracery colt having a good future.

* * *

HORSES TO NOTE.

HEROD PHILIP (6 yrs.)—This horse, who is back again under the charge of George Blackwell, is moving in something like his old form, and is the likely winner of a race soon, over a mile and a half or thereabouts.

MISS MAJORITY (6 yrs.)—If this mare happens to fulfil one of her engagements at Brighton, it will be well to remember that during a long career she has always shown a partiality for downhill tracks.

GOLDEN MESH (3 yrs.)—This is not exactly the season of the year when fillies show to the greatest advantage, but this young lady has been moving in such form lately that it is quite likely she will earn brackets during the next week or two.

BURNT ALMOND F. (2 yrs.)—A useful youngster in her class, this filly has not hitherto enjoyed the best of luck. She will win a selling race or two in the north.

KATIE (3 yrs.)—Although this filly has run three times this season, she has not been seriously fancied. On the first occasion Frank Hartigan's patrons have their money down, she will probably win.

STONE MARTEN (2 yrs.)—This filly ran sufficiently well behind Perusia at Gatwick to suggest that she will win in her turn. The more severe the course, the better she will like it.

ANITRA'S DANCE (3 yrs.)—Although she has let her connections down on two occasions, enough was seen of this filly at Gatwick to prove that she is not without merit. "Sandy" Braime has not got many horses, but this one should win him a race.

OAKWOOD (3 yrs.)—When beaten by Master Percy at Beverley, this colt was betted on as a good thing, and this fact may be worth bearing in mind next time he faces the starter.

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Soldumeno is regarded by those who know most about the form on the other side of St. George's Channel as the probable winner of the Irish Derby.

* * *

Overseer was beaten at Gatwick by the distance. He does not get a yard over a mile, and the easier the course the better.

* * *

Baalbek does not seem to have impressed the handicapper by his victory at Beverley. He is likely to win again.

* * *

If any doubts existed as to whether Legality is a "rogue," they must surely have been dispelled as a result of his display at Ascot.

* * *

Parth would have won the Gold Vase a hundred yards had he been saddled for that event.

* * *

Don't forget that Craig Eleyr is the best three year-old trained north of the Tweed.

ALL SORTS OF SPORTS.

There has been a whole lot of fuss about Joe Beckett's hand, and a considerable amount of jeering and sneering on all sides, but nobody imagines either that Beckett is afraid to meet Carpentier or that he wouldn't go into the ring to earn the substantial sum which would come to him win or lose.

Unfortunately, suspicion of boxers' *bona fides* in such matters is very well founded. Charles Cochran wiped his hands of boxing promotion because he found that the average boxer was utterly devoid of common honesty. So far from their words being their bonds they tried their damnedest to wriggle out of bonds that were sealed, signed and delivered.

Their cupidity is beyond belief. They always want something more, and they are, as a rule, utterly unscrupulous as to the method they employ to get that something. A prima donna, refusing at the last moment to appear unless her salary is raised, is less common a spectacle than a boxer threatening a sprained leg unless he gets more of the "doings."

I'm not suggesting that Beckett is in similar case. In fact, it is clear that his hand is damaged—but then, all old boxers' hands go wonky, and Beckett is getting into the veteran class.

There is some excuse for Suzanne bursting into tears, even though she didn't and it was only a speck of dust in her eyes, but when will the male impersonators who throw down their rackets in hysterical rage be induced to stop that disgusting practice? There was another case last week.

Golf is becoming a more enjoyable game with the change in the weather. What Hagen said about the Scottish climate has not been fully reported. And never will be whilst the law is what it is.

The suspended directors of Bristol City are appealing. I wonder on what grounds?

Cricket enthusiasts have for a long time been advising me to "watch Sandham" of Surrey. I didn't watch him because I was watching Happy Man win the Cup by inches, but I am told that this fine player was never seen to better advantage than in his batting against Somerset last Thursday.

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The Channel Tunnel Co., Ltd.

Presiding at the general meeting, Baron Emile B. d'Erlanger referred to the questions asked in Parliament last Dec. as to the Channel Tunnel scheme, and to the subsequent correspondence with the then Prime Minister, in which it was stated that if adequate guarantees were forthcoming as to finance, the question would be reconsidered. He (the chairman) thought that the time had now come to reopen the subject. The machine for the construction of the Tunnel had fulfilled expectations, and their engineer assured him that the British portion of the "pilot" tunnel could be constructed for something like £1,250,000, an equal sum being necessary for the French portion. He was confident that if the proposition were favourably entertained by Parliament they would bring the scheme to fruition.

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Royal Trials.

By way of National understanding could not another form of acknowledgment by male Royalty to their devoted subjects be found other than riding with hat raised for miles without a moment's respite. During "Our Prince's" recent visit to Birmingham, I noticed how weary he looked, after a heavy day of performing ceremonies, riding with hat raised in response to miles of ovation. Individual acknowledgment demands the raising of the hat, but in cases of the masses, could not an occasional incline of the head suffice. Surely we can realise with what fortitude our Royalty cope with such fatigue.—*E. M. (Birmingham).*

Assaults on Young Girls.

It is high time our chief Magistrates took up the matter of grievous assaults by men on young girls. To me it seems as if this ghastly business is on the increase. Prison has proved no remedy for these criminals, so why not give them the lash and plenty of it? I am sure it would bring such scoundrels to their proper senses. In many cases children are maimed for life whilst their parents are stricken down with grief. In the big cities, parents cannot let their daughters out of their sight.—*J. D., Leeds.*

Modern Police Methods.

Were the methods of the West Riding police in the Otley Sweepstakes case British and fair, and are they approved by the Home Secretary? The country is entitled to know what that State official thinks of the Yorkshire police way, seeing that it was admitted by one constable that he wrote from an address which was not his own and described himself "As an old Conservative," which was untrue, to tempt the officials to offend against a silly and antiquated law which ought long ago to have been repealed. When he was asked if a letter he sent was not a tissue of lies he would not or could not reply. What has the Home Secretary to say to Parliament in explanation? Will some Member ask?—*C. M., Liverpool.*

The Folly of Strikes.

I read with interest the article on strikes in your last issue and must admit that it is a pleasure to see a man of position taking up the cudgel against this silly method of settling disputes. The inevitable result of a strike or lockout is distress and privation, and one wonders how many children are suffering at the present time as a result of weeks of idleness, weeks when father had but a miserable strike allowance barely sufficient to feed one healthy person, let alone four or five hungry youngsters. As one who has been a victim more than once I am at a loss to know which side is really benefited by this method of settling disputes. The loss financially to both sides is enormous and often takes years to regain, and this added to the suffering caused should be a sufficient deterrent to those who contemplate the use of these weapons.—T. O., *Manchester.*

No "Plaice" for Me.

Entering a local fried fish shop I enjoyed a substantial supper for a shilling in a comfortable little parlour inside the shop. The following week I went in again at ten minutes past ten and was informed that the "law" only allowed the consumption of fish in the "restaurant" up till 10 p.m., the obliging proprietor giving me the option of taking my supper in the street, and eating it with my fingers in the rain. Who makes those "fishy" regulations?—*G. H. R. London, N.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Women Shylocks.

It is time something was done to protect the needy from the women Shylocks now flourishing. The Press again brings to our notice the case of a poor woman who borrowed 36s. eighteen months ago, and after having paid about £13 in weekly instalments of 8s. was informed by the grasping lender that the 36s. and interest was still owing. The magistrate directed an officer to inform the moneylender that she was amply repaid. That is not good enough, the law must make it impossible for such things to occur, and the amount paid in excess of a fair interest should have been refunded to the poor victim in the above case.—*A. L. Robbins (Chatham).*

Reform of the Poor Law.

It is time the laws of this country were altered on behalf of those who, through no fault of their own in many cases, are compelled to seek the refuge of the workhouse. Why cannot married couples still continue life together in their old age? Why separate them to different quarters of the building to spend their remaining days apart, only to see each other at certain times?—*J. H., Chelsea.*

A Safety-first Signal.

"Is it not time that the railway companies or one of our motoring organisations took steps to improve the efficiency of the warning signals for level crossings? Is it due to coincidence or the development of road traffic that there have been several accidents lately at these spots? By common-sense it seems

reasonable to assume the railway companies are in some measure at fault when such accidents occur. The greatest danger is found at those level-crossings which occur too close to a bend in the road. There are many such. In these cases it would appear to be a good idea to have a warning on the roads in the form of a railway signal controlled from the signal cabin.—*Wm. F. Richardson, 36, Gray Street, Canton, Cardiff.*

A Real Welfare Committee.

Each year the number of suicides and murders is appalling. The dominant cause of these crimes is worry from some cause or other, chiefly money and jealousy.

The "Penny" case is a typical one. A man being out of work, business failure, sickness, etc., drifts into debt; the creditors press him, causing him great anxiety and worry. If this ill luck continues for him it often ends sadly.

A committee should be set up in each large town to whom a person may tell his troubles. If found genuine he would be given proper advice and protected from creditors till circumstances brighten. Blood cannot come from a stone. It is the thought of publicity that often drives a man to despair.—*W. R. J., Mansfield.*

Disposal Board Waste.

How much longer is the country to be saddled with an inefficient Disposal Board? At Beachley, there is about a million pounds worth of material, most of which is not protected, and the remainder inadequately protected from the weather. Locomotives—some made at Woolwich after the war was over at a cost of about £10,000 each, hundreds of railway wagons, rails and the like are being ruined. It is indeed a pity to see such magnificent locomotives and waggons lying there which might be put into commission and the irony of it all is that there is at present a great demand for this class of material. Soon the material will have only scrap value.—*Ex-Soldier, Cardiff.*

The Workers' Sunday.

Under Queen Elizabeth theatres were open on Sundays, and in the time of James I. people danced, practised archery, played games, etc., on the first day of the week, and no laws forbade them.

But bigoted religious reaction arrived with the Puritans, and burdened our weekly holiday and rest-day. Rest is obtained by change of occupation, with restrictive laws, by which, in many instances, we are still half strangled, and Sunday is turned into a day of gloom, or worse. Youth especially is driven via loafing to worse things by its deadly dullness.

The gaining of what liberties we do possess was strenuously fought against by the bishops and fanatic clergy.

The British worker has one-seventh of his life, and that particularly meant for his "recreation" physically and mentally, stolen from him. When will he awake to the fact?—*G. B. B., Woolwich.*

The Annual Holiday.

Leaflets are appearing at our doors stating that railways issue long dated tickets for 8 or 15 days' excursions for Mondays available for a fortnight. Most people start their fortnight holidays on Saturdays to return on Saturday or Sunday fortnight in time for work on Monday. They consequently cannot avail themselves of the cheap ticket. Surely the companies could do better than this by running a late train, say, on Saturday, or early Sunday morning, and also to return on these days. It would get over the difficulty and enable everyone to stay at the seaside for a fortnight.—*E. A. R., Guildford.*

We have received scores of letters making this suggestion, which we commend to the attention of the railway companies.

Domestic Service.

Why hold courts of enquiry and make such desperate efforts to induce girls to take up domestic service. All things in this world are due to cause and effect, and certainly the present shortage is the *effect* of the humiliation and hard conditions of the past, and will not, I am convinced, pass away in a hurry. So-called "Ladies" will be none the worse for learning to help themselves, and those who really deserve helpful service will always get it.—"*Onlooker*" (*Edinburgh*).

[*We should like to have expressions of opinion from both mistress and maid on this topic.*]

Ties With Your Cigarettes.

The Black Cat Cigarette Co., issues a booklet showing nearly 200 very attractive and useful articles, amongst which is the well-known "Pukka Tie." Readers mentioning this paper will be sent one of the Gifts Booklets, together with a start off of five coupons, on application to 238, City Road, E.C.

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Claims Paid Exceed -	£1,000,000
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Sufferers from Eye Rheumatism, Eye Inflammation, Styes, Headaches, and all eye weaknesses POSITIVELY CURED by Sam-Fox Lotion or money refunded. Absolutely safe for young or old. WRITE FOR INFORMATION. 2/- 3 oz. Bottle post paid.

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THE RICHEST IN CREAM

For every purpose it is unequalled.

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Always the same quality —the Best.

WHY WE WILL TRUST "JOHN BULL" READERS.

4/6 worth of Medicine Post Free: No Pay Unless Benefited.

This is a Fair and Honest offer that we could not make if we did not trust both JOHN BULL readers and our own medicine—Vitæ-Ore, Nature's own life-giving remedy. Some medicines benefit only some people.

VITÆ-ORE IS DIFFERENT.

Our tonic beverage Vitæ-Ore always benefits those who need it. We will therefore send you a full-sized 4s. 6d. packet, making a whole month's supply post free, on the sole understanding that you will pay for it unless you write and say that you are no better for it. *You will be better for it.*

No drug or patent medicine could be offered on such terms. If there were any reasonable chance that Vitæ-Ore would not do you good, there would be so many people who would not pay that we should be ruined!

VITÆ-ORE IS EXPENSIVE—TO US.

Vitæ-Ore is brought 5,000 miles—extracted from the dried residue of the most valuable natural healing spring in the world—the only one found by the medical profession to possess actual vitalising powers, giving new life to men and women who are ill or run-down for need of full vitality.

> *The Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory": the *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore."

The Government, having analysed Vitæ-Ore at Somerset House, exempted it from the stamp duty on patent medicines (which would have been 1s.), because Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. You can have full confidence in using Vitæ-Ore; it is (as mixed for use) practically tasteless, and can be taken instead of water at meals.

HOW VITÆ-ORE CURES.

Vitæ-Ore cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable; your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with; but you are better all over too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic — pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore. Among the ailments which have definitely disappeared when Vitæ-Ore was taken are:—

Anæmia	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and Bladder Weakness
Lumbago	Sluggish Liver and
St. Vitus' Dance	All run-down conditions due to the Stomach, Kidneys, Nerves and Liver.
Dyspepsia	
Obesity	
Indigestion	
Backache in Women	

But these are only some of the things from which relief can be obtained. Whatever is wrong with you, Vitæ-Ore will help you, because while every other remedy only attacks the symptoms of disease, Vitæ-Ore restores the loss of vitality, which is the cause of all disease.

Do not delay. Take advantage of this offer at once. A month's supply sent without a penny of payment until you have taken the whole; and no charge if you say you are not benefited. It is what YOU say, not what WE say.

FACE SUMMER BOLDLY.

You may have no ailment, and yet the hot Summer weather may diminish your vitality and necessitate a tonic. Use Vitæ-Ore to restore your vigour and keep you fit. Even if you do not feel greatly run down, this precaution is a wise one. You will feel the warm, rich blood coursing through your veins when you have used Vitæ-Ore; and remember, there is no charge if you say you feel no better.

That we are able to sell Vitæ-Ore on this Trial System and get payments for tens of thousands of packets proves V.-O. *must* benefit those who use it. If they were not benefited they would not pay.

Our offer is a liberal one. We send you a whole month's supply—no benefit—no pay. And you DO pay: for you ARE benefited; you will be glad and happy to pay if you accept our offer.

Do not delay. Take advantage of the offer at once. Fill in the coupon or copy it, and post it to Theo. Noel Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 23, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4

Send this Without Money for 4s. 6d. Packet lasting a Month

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 19), 23, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a month's supply of 'Vitæ-Ore,' with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report result in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not I will write and say so, and in that case You Are to Charge Me Nothing.

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John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

G. L. (Dewsbury).—"I'd to get my new suit on the instalment system." And what have they delivered so far?

FORTY BONERS (Brixton).—"How can we keep up our appearances these days?" Personally, we wear a belt.

J. S. (Kilburn).—"My work is my hobby." Then, being a musician, you play all the time?

P. F. M. (Dover).—"My apologies for worrying you with enclosed article." We accept the apologies only.

T. R. K. (Manchester).—"You can't believe all you read." Sir! Thine own pen has condemned thee!

ANXIOUS (Birmingham).—"The world is in a state of revolt." Correct! One revolution every 24 hours!

R. W. (Govan).—"Is it not time that the baby-soother was done away with." You're a bit rough on poor old dad, aren't you?

M. T. (Fulham).—"So many people don't think enough about their work." And so many people haven't enough work to think about!

THE KITTY (Aldershot).—"All the younger people seem to be gone on tennis." Possibly the love game appeals to them.

C. W. H. (Cardiff).—"The war proved the British sailor the finest in the world." That was pre-war knowledge which the war confirmed.

L. P. (Forest Gate).—"Although I'm a grandfather my hobby's collecting cigarette pictures." Excused! You're old enough to know no better.

FATTAN 40 (Grays).—"What happened to those who had the thyroid gland treatment not so long ago?" They're probably playing marbles by this time.

R. T. B. (Victoria).—"I am getting married next month and there's a lot of things I've got to get." A wife would be useful for a start off.

B. E. E. (Thirstead).—"Why is the village of Thirstead left out of everything?" Cheer up! It's now been mentioned in JOHN BULL anyhow.

W. H. S. (Bradwell).—"If you consider enclosed article suitable for insertion print only the initials." Don't be silly. Nobody would read it if we did.

M. A. (Croydon).—"A local Parson says, 'there's no need to leave your brains at home when you go to church.'" Possibly he's addressing some of his fellow Parsons.

W. R. (Cupar, Fife).—"Do you notice that many of the people you meet have their mouths open?" No, Sir! Our bright snappy conversation is never conducive to yawning.

D. M. (Perth).—"How much a week should I be able to save out of a wage of £6?" Judging by your address, £6.

J. M. (Sutton).—"I don't think I've ever done a bad turn in my life." Then the music-halls want you badly.

JEN (Durham).—"I very much prefer tall men." Sorry! Personally we're a bit short these days.

RACH. L. (Middlesbro').—"Marriage has made many a man." Yes! But made him what?

T. M. (Surbiton).—"As usual, my husband took a day off on his birthday." Our wife usually takes a year off, at least.

K. F. (Shrewsbury).—"Is there any preventative of snoring?" What about insomnia?

A. B. (Bilston).—"I never open my letters until after breakfast." We do, and get so fed up we can't eat any.

J. W. J. (Kenya Colony).—"I nearly always agree with JOHN BULL." Then you're nearly always right.

J. T. (Summerhill).—"My wife attends to all my correspondence." On the other hand our wife dictates to us.

D. P. (Blantyre).—"As a reader of JOHN BULL for twenty years." But we're not quite sweet seventeen yet, Davie lad.

W. J. G. (Wandsworth).—"What we want is clothes you can't wear out." We've plus-fours like that. The last time we wore them we nearly got mobbed.

D. M. (Cardiff).—"It should be compulsory to have a fireguard for every child." Then we'd have more fireguards than fire places.

O. H. (Ilford).—"Restrictions should be placed on people who carry open umbrellas in a crowd." Yes! we must see they're put down immediately.

E. C. (Brighton).—"Some seaside landladies sleep on the tiles themselves." There now! And surely they know best what their beds are like!

W. G. (Canterbury).—"Most wives have to wait at home on Saturday for their man's wages." Don't the less trusting go and meet them?

D. B. (King's Lynn).—"Why don't we retaliate and force our liquor laws on all American ships." We shouldn't think any force would be necessary.

S. V. (Margate).—"Jumpers don't seem to be so popular this summer at the seaside." And, believe us, this summer hasn't been so very popular there either.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

A. L. (Hornchurch).—"My husband simply won't look at cold meat." Then why don't you make it hot for him.

A. F. (Bilston).—"We sit down to breakfast every morning at five." We'd be more inclined to *lie* down at that hour.

T. B. K. (Norwood).—"All neighbours are an infernal nuisance." Who told you? *Your* neighbour?

T. T. (Derby).—"How long may a man reasonably expect to live?" Depends largely on the liver.

R. B. (Dalston).—"All donkeys aren't lazy and stubborn. Mine would work day and night." What an ass!

B. T. (Wandsworth).—"Personally I part my hair in the middle." Ours does it naturally—almost to the ears.

F. G. M. (Luton).—"I don't want to enter into a controversy on prohibition." Then we'll dry up.

W. D. P. (Coatbridge).—"Hanging, instead of being a preventative against murder is the opposite." Then it's an encouragement! Don't be silly.

FAIRPLAY (Liverpool).—"The Punter is out to catch the Bookmaker and vice versa." There now! Whatever has vice versa been up to!

S. C. T. (Campsie).—"I like to see a man with a good opinion of himself." Good! Then we must look you up one day.

INSURANCE REPRESENTATIVE (Leicester).—"Certain Insurance Societies have certain benefits." Quite so! And certain others have most *uncertain* benefits.

TENDERFEET (Weymouth).—"The man who walks cannot afford a motor car." Which shows that you haven't seen our Tin Lizzie.

A. K. W. (Chislehurst).—"The approach to all large towns is one mass of chimneys." Sure! As far as the eye can sweep, so to speak.

E. A. K. (Ilford).—"Will the steamboats really dump their surplus liquor in the sea?" Why? Thinking of becoming a diver?

Mrs. A. P. (East Greenwich).—"I want to draw your attention to the out-of-works." Unnecessary. Unfortunately, we see hundreds of them everywhere.

WEARY WILLIE (Arbroath).—"The working classes don't give a —— who governs." And so you assume that the governing classes don't give a —— who works?

R. P. D. (King's Lynn).—"A much better class of immigrant is arriving in England these days." We'll take your word for it. Personally we haven't seen the Scotch express arrive for some time.

D. T. (Handsworth).—"If women are allowed to be Sunday school teachers it logically follows that they should preach." Aren't they more likely to be interested in the hymns?

GEORGE (Morecambe).—"Can my wife help me in making *Bullets*?" Certainly and also in spending the prize money.

JACK B. (Burnley).—"There's no hope for this country so far as I can see." Then you can't see far enough.

EMMEL (Glasgow).—"Where these people are so divided, where are we?" You seem a bit cut up at any rate.

H. A. B. (Brighton).—"Drink in moderation maketh glad the heart of man." And, in excess, sore the head.

C. D. (Weymouth).—"Men talk just as much as women." Yes, but not so often.

S. I. (Leeds).—I've a fine head for figures." Cheer up! There's probably nothing in it!

A. K. B. (Bedford).—"I'm thinking of standing for Parliament." You'll have to get the electors to stand for you first.

TRIED (Walsall).—"It's a hard world for the brain-worker." Still if he falls on his feet he doesn't feel it so much.

MRS. M. (Motherwell).—"Labourers can't pick and choose." Pick and shovel's more in their line.

BRIDEGROOM (Wigan).—"My wife is a perfect treasure." All right, we have made a Treasury note of it.

FLOSSIE (Glasgow).—"I think Owen Nares almost divine." A sort of darling of the gods, no doubt.

MARY (Dulwich).—"Is it wise to eat cheese with cucumber?" Yes, but wiser to eat it with discretion.

WILLIAM J. (Stamford Hill).—"My colleague drives me mad." Cheer up, it may never be noticed.

POMPOUS (Sutton).—"My father is addicted to strong language." Wean him off on weak tea.

W. H. B. (Devonport).—"My daughter wishes to marry a German." Give her a dowry—in marks!

I. B. W. (Louth).—"The selfish single man gets all the plums." And so you think that's what makes him stoney hearted!

A. J. K. (Bolton).—"I never get up on Sunday until twelve o'clock." Time enough! They don't open till one on Sunday do they?

T. A. W. (Seacombe).—"The ability to write poetry is a gift." Righto! And it's bad form to attempt to dispose of a gift.

J. M. (Durban).—"Often I've had attacks of home sickness." Then no doubt that's the reason you've gone abroad.

BILL JONES (Preston).—"What is the origin of the legend of Royal weather for Ascot." Probably something to do with Weathervane.

CURIOUS (Soho).—"When were wolves last seen in England?" There were several of them in the outside pleasaunces of Ascot last week.

TIRED TIM (Plymouth).—"Did America go dry because its climate is dry?" We hope so, and build our hopes on the fact that our climate is wet.

SISTER ANN (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Please try to be serious sometimes." We have to. The income-tax fellow sees to that.

INQUISITIVE (Brighton).—"Would a three-pennypiece, dropped from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, crash through a man's skull?" Depends on the skull. Perhaps you could risk it.

CROSS CHEQUE (Hull).—"That bankers may disclose their clients affairs is unthinkable." So far as our balance is concerned our banker has nothing whatever to talk about.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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Post to-day the Coupon you will find on Page 2 and get a

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE.

Turn to Page 2 NOW.

20,000 PAIRS OF WELTED SHOES at 12/6

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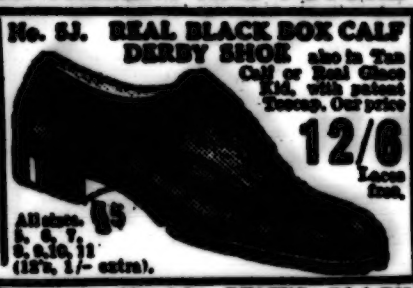
The Shoe Season has now commenced and the recent huge purchase of choice materials at advantageous prices enables Bolsom Bros. to make this remarkable offer. The shoes illustrated below are welted; made on the Hand Sewn principle in real Glace Kid, Box Calf and Tan Calf. Smart, light and durable, they are ideal for town and country wear, and CANNOT BE EQUALLED AT DOUBLE THE PRICE. 20,000 pairs have been reserved for mail order customers so that readers in every part of the kingdom can now share in this seasonable opportunity. These requiring boots will also find remarkable bargains illustrated below, including a SPECIAL OFFER OF 10,000 PAIRS OF SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOTS IN BLACK OR TAN AT THE AMAZING PRICE OF 12/6. SECURE YOUR PRESENT AND FUTURE REQUIREMENTS NOW. CALL OR POST YOUR ORDERS WITHOUT DELAY.

No. 9J. REAL GLACE KID OXFORD SHOE with patent cap. Also in real Box Calf, with or without patent cap. Our price 12/6. Laces free. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. (13's 1/- extra.) Show this Advt. to your friends.



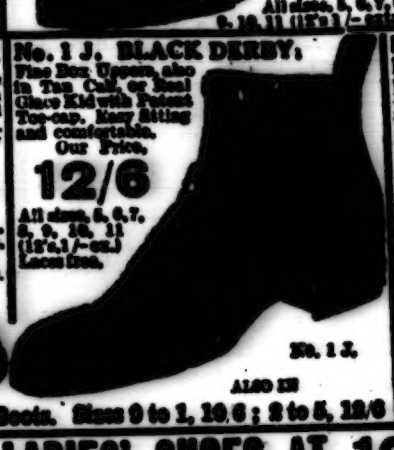
No. 5J. REAL BLACK BOX CALF DERBY SHOE also in Tan Calf or Real Glace Kid, with patent Toecap. Our price 12/6. Laces free. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (13's, 1/- extra).

No. 7J. REAL TAN CALF or BLACK BOX CALF BROGUE SHOE for hard wear in all weathers. Our Price, 12/6. Laces free. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (13's 1/- extra).

No. 6J. REAL TAN CALF OXFORD SHOE. A really smart and serviceable shape for all occasions. Our Price 12/6. Laces free. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (13's 1/- extra).

AUSTRALIAN FIELD BOOTS in BLACK or TAN. No. 31 J. Real Black Box Calf or Tan Calf Uppers, Leather Lined throughout. Solid Butt Soles, stitched and screwed to heel. Full Waterproof Tongue. Worth 25/- Our price 12/6. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, (13's, 1/- extra). Laces free. No. 31 J.

No. 2J. GENT'S BLACK BALMORAL. Fine Box Uppers, also in Tan Calf or real Glace Kid with Patent Toe-cap. For town or country wear. Our Price, 12/6. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (13's, 1/- extra). Laces free. No. 2 Cut out this advt. for future reference. ALSO IN



No. 1 J. BLACK DERBY. Fine Box Uppers, also in Tan Calf or Real Glace Kid with Patent Toe-cap. Easy fitting and comfortable. Our Price, 12/6. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (13's, 1/- extra). Laces free. No. 1 J. ALSO IN

No. 32J. SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOTS in BLACK or TAN. Real Black Box Calf or Tan Calf Uppers. Leather Lined throughout. Solid Butt. Waterproof Soles, stitched and screwed to heel. Full Waterproof tongue. Our Price, 12/6. Laces free. All sizes, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 (13's, 1/- extra). No. 32J

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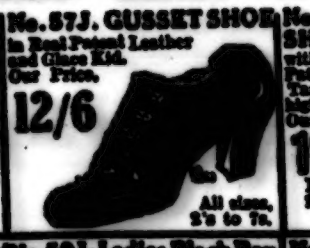
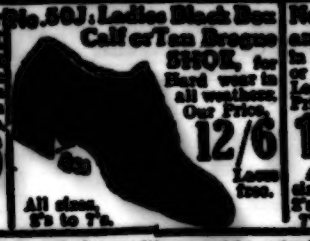


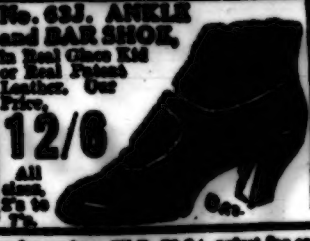
No. 57J. GUSSET SHOE in Real Patent Leather and Glace Kid. Our Price, 12/6. All sizes, 2's to 7's.

No. 53J. SMART OXFORD SHOE, in Real Glace Kid with Patent Toe-cap. Real Patent Leather or Tan, Medium or high Cuban heels. Our Price, 12/6. Laces free. All sizes 2's to 7's.

No. 52J. GIBSON or OXFORD SHOE in Patent, Glace Kid, Box Calf or Tan Calf. Low, medium or high Cuban heels. Our Price, 12/6. All sizes, 2's to 7's. Laces free.



No. 50J. Ladies Black Box Calf or Tan Brogue SHOE, for Hard wear in all weathers. Our Price, 12/6. Laces free. All sizes, 2's to 7's.



No. 63J. ANKLE and BAR SHOE, in Real Glace Kid or Real Patent Leather. Our Price, 12/6. All sizes, 2's to 7's.

No. 25 J. VERY SMART BALMORAL or DERBY PATTERN. Extra high leg, in real Box Calf or Real Glace Kid. Smart Cuban heels. Best make 10 in. high. Our Price 15/- All sizes, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

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ARMY BLANKETS	Govt. Army Blankets. Weight about 6 lbs. each. Postage:—1 blanket, 1/3; 2, 1/6; 3 or over, 2/-	4/6	WAREHOUSE COATS Made of strong Drill with 3 large pockets. Postage:—6d. extra. 9/11

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Headache	Wasting

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Mrs. Clarke, Swarby, near Sleaford, Lincs., says: "I had suffered with my nerves for years, and eventually acute neurasthenia developed. I was in a terribly low state, with no appetite and no strength. I was afraid to eat anything—even the lightest food caused me pain and sickness. Of course I wasted rapidly, and at one time I weighed only seven stone two pounds. I could not sleep—night after night I lay awake—and at all times I was in pain—pain that made me scream until I was exhausted. I had lost all hope and so disheartened that when I first began to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets I nearly gave them up. Thank goodness I did not do so, for they cured me completely. I have gained weight week by week, and now I turn the scale at 12 st. 7 lb. I don't think I ever felt better in my life."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

HAUNTED BY HIS PAST

An Ex-Convict's Struggle to Make Good

WHILE a considerable amount of rescue work is achieved by various organisations which exist for the purpose of helping discharged prisoners who have expiated their wrong-doing to regain their respectability and re-establish themselves as useful members of the community, the activities of these associations touch only the fringe of a vast and perplexing problem. It is enlightening to hear from the mouth of an ex-convict what terrible difficulties beset the path of a man struggling to live down his past.

Last week there entered our office a man of middle age whose deeply lined face and whitening hair betokened years of suffering. He was poorly dressed, but clean in person, and was obviously ill-nourished. He appealed to us in the last extremity of need to find him work and the wherewithal to buy food.

Years ago, when he was still a youth, he had committed an offence for which he was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. Under our prison system he was taught no useful trade which would stand him in good stead on his release, and soon after he had left prison he was sent back again for "loitering."

When he was again set free, the war broke out and provided him with an outlet from the blind alley which confronted him. He served in the Army from August, 1914, till October, 1919, and was discharged with a good character.

He was unsuccessful in his search for work, and when his small disability pension ceased, he was reduced to carrying sandwich boards, that last refuge of the "down-and-out."

But even that precarious means of livelihood was to be denied him. A retired police-officer, who was engaged as caretaker of a South London market, recognised him and pointed him out to various people in the market as an ex-convict, with the result that he has since been unable to obtain employment.

His wife and children must suffer for this act of uncharitableness. We have given him a small grant to buy food, but we cannot recall the effect of that pointing finger and cackling tongue. Hard indeed is the lot of a man haunted by his past.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 96, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

E. C., 9d.; "Benediction," 5s.; "Week's Ninth," 2s. 10d.; Mrs M. F. M. (India), 13s.; "Esperantist," 5s.; "West Bromwich," 1s. 0½d.; E. B. (near Devizes), parcel; "29," 1s.; "No. 13" (Oakworth), 1s. 6d.; J. E. S. and Staff (West Ken.), £1 2s.; Mrs. H., 1s.; P. and P. (Tooting), parcel; Mrs. H., 2s.; Jack and George, 8d.; "Eblano," 2s.; Anon., 1s.; "Good Luck," 3s 6d.; E. A., 1s.; H. A. C., 1s.; "Disabled," 2s. 5d.; E. S., 6d.; Mrs. R. S., 1s. 3d.; G. P., 1s. 3d.; C. L., 1s.; L. F. J., £7; R. D. H., 2s.; Anon., 3½d.; Ex-Ser. T. B. Ilo, 10s.; "Ubique," 3s.; Anon., 1s.; "Ted," 1 dollar; D. F., 2s. 6d.; "Nan" (Perthshire), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L., 4d.; "Neuf," 1s. 6d.; "Thankful," 2s. 6d.; "Gladys," 2s. 6d.; "Croydon Widow's Mite," 5s.; T. M., 6d.; "1/9th," 2s.; R. H., 2s. 6d.; J. B., 2s. 6d.; A. G. (Forest Row), 5s.; Anon. (Southampton), 2s.; "Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; "W.," £1; "In Loving Memory of Rena," 5s.; Anon., 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; J. McB., 2s.; "Wellwisher" (Wembly Hill), 2s.; H. B., 10d.; C. H., 1s. 6d.; "Sportsman," 2s.; "Wellwisher" (Bombay), £1; "Tommy" (Nowshera), 5s.; H. J. W., 5s.; "Unemployed Ex-Soldier" (South Africa), 6d.; V. C. S., 2s.; Capt. B., 5s.; "Reader" (Cobourg), 10s.; "A Friend," 1s.; "Chorklits," 2s. 6d.; A. B. A. (Brookfield), 2s. 6d.; F. W. M., 1s. 6d.; "Constant Reader" (Scarborough), £1 1s.; "Old Bragge," 1s.; F. J. R., 1s. 10d.; "Fag," £1; E. A. L., 5s.; J. C., 2s.; "Fourth Ninth" (Barry), 1s.; F. H. T. T., 1s. 1d.; "King Edward's Head," 4s.; "Le Celtic," 2s. 3d.; J. M., 2s. 6d.; G. A. (Arundel), 10s.; "Jefferies" (Ashbury), 2s.; P. S., 1s. 3d.; "Lucky Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; J. H. (Shepton Mallet), £5; "Mainsail," 2s. 2d.; "First Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; A. A. C., 1s.; J. H. B., 1s. 1½d.; Mrs. M. A. H., 1s.; "Bulleteer," 6d.; A. B., 6d.; Mrs. M. W., 6d.; Sergt. J. H., 1s.; "Cherrio," 6d.; R. F. W., 2s.; Miss R. K., 6d.; "Sunny Jim," 6d.; W. C., 1s.; H. E. M., 1s.; Mrs. J. C. M., 6d.; P. McN., 1s. 6d.; M. A. F., 6d.; R. (Bradford), 1s 6d.; S. F., 3d.; "Rex," 2s. 3d.; W. S., 6d.; T. W., 2s. 6d.; W. M., 1s.; M. B., 1s.; "Cranbrook," 2s. 6d.; L. W., 5s.; "Two Sympathetic Brothers," 2s. 6d.; Miss G. D., 2s. 6d.; W. M., 2s. 6d.; R. L. (Cliffe), 5s. 6d.; "Gratias Deo," 2s. 6d.; "Chloe," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. H., 2s.; Anon., 6d.; Mrs. L. P., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. R., 4½d.; "Working Lad," 1s.; Mrs. B. (Morley), parcel; Bob L., 2s. 6d.; S. T., 1s. 3d.; A. H., 11d.; H. P., 1s. 2d.; "One who has a struggle to keep Seven," parcel; E. D., 1s. 3d.; K. P., 4d.; H. C. E., 2s. and parcel; Anonymous, 10s.; "Cap," 1s.; C. C., 2s.; "In Hope," 6d.; "W." parcel "Fulfilment of Resolution," 5d.; P. T. R., 2s. 6d.; "Plymouth," 2s.; A. E., parcel; Mrs. H. W., parcel; "Mum and Babs" (Shepherd's Bush), 10s.; "Very Hard Up," parcel; S. C. R., 2s.; W. P., 2d.; A. C., 1s. 3d.; Anon., 10½d.; "Cards and Rents," 2s. 6d.; "Grateful" (Wednesbury), 5s.; "Wellwisher" (W. H'pool), 10s.; C. L. G., parcel; "Mary," 1s. and parcel; Mrs. A. P., parcel and 2d.; "3 Ninths," 5d.; "14th Ninth," 1s.; Mrs. M. H., 2s. 6d.; "Fifth Lucky Ninth," 1s.; Mrs. M. C., 1s. 3½d.; Anon., 5d.; T. M., 1s.; R. J. (Greenwich), £2; "Davy" (Hull), 1s. 6d.; "W.," £1; Anon., 3d.; Anon., 6d.; N. E. B., 1s.; H. G. N., 1s.; E. C., 6d.; J. D., 1s. 3½d.; W. E., 1s.; "P" (Sheffield), 1s.; O. K., 2s.; "Ainsdale," 1s.; Anon. (Oxford), 10s.; L. L. L., 1s.; J. H., 1s.; "Sympathy," 2s.; "One who would like to do more," 2d.; Mrs. M. C. W. (Augineering), 10s.; Anon., 1s.; N. E. B., 6d.; S. A. U., 10s.; A. C., 1s.; C. E. W., 1s. 6d.; "Penarth Docks," 1s.; "Four Draws," 2s.; "A Friend," 1s.; W. C. L., 1s.; A. J. F. (Blindfold), 13s.; Anon., parcel; Mrs. H., 2s.; A. C. W., 6d.; "These Three," 5s.; Anon. (Reading), 2s.; H. E. L., 1s.; "Elsie," 2s.; M. A. S. (Bridgend), £1; Anon. (Leigh-on-Sea), 1s.; Anon. (Maidstone), 2s.; "Lucy" (Waterlane), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 3d.; "Unemployed," 6d.; Anon. (Bexley), £1; "Thankoffering," 10s.; Mrs. V. (New York), parcel; A. W. S., 1s. 4d.; H. M. I., 2s. 3d.; "Thankoffering," 2s. 4½d.; "Star of Fortune," 1s. 3d.; A. I. R. (Sheffield), 10s.; K. R., 1s.; Mrs. C. J. W., 2s. 6d.; "Friend," 2s.; "Wragby," 2s. 6d.; "Mons Star," 1s.; "Ninth," 5d.; A. K. (Liverpool), 2s. 6d.; "One Point of Fortune's Star," 2s.; W. W. W., 6d.; Anon., 6d.; D. J. A., 2s. 6d.; "Reader," 2s. 6d.; J. T., 2½d.; "A Friend," 1s.; A. G. G., 3s. 1d.; "L. Z." (London), 5s.; "Husband Abroad," 1s.; "Decco Do," 2s. 8d.; "Lucky Escape," 2s.; "Pugger," 6d.; T. M., 6d.; "Hope it's Lucky," 1s.; L. S., 1s. 3d.; "Yngvybwl," 1s.; Mrs. E. B., 6d.; "Winnie M.," £1; M. C., 1s. 1½d.; L. R. J. (Wellington), £1; A. E. C., 2s. 6d.; "Highland Laddie," 2s. 8d.; E. A. (Tamworth), 10s.; "Unlucky Bulleteer," 6d.; O. S. (N.W.10), 2s. 6d.; R. J. (Greenwich), £1; "Syra," 2s. 6d. "W.," £1; W. G. G., 1s.; "Mother," 11d.; "Son," 1d.; A. D., 9d.; S. H. C., 2s.; Mrs. W. R., 1s.; F. S. H (Tobago), 7s 9d.; "Roman Catholic," £5; G. H. C., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. R. (Maxton), parcel; R. W. S., 3d.; H. M., 1s. 3d.; Mrs. M. C. W. (Angermering), parcel; "X. Shanghai," 4s.; J. T. D. J. (Reading), £2; Mrs. L. H., 2s.; H. R. L., 1s.; "Lonely Old Mother," 5s.; "Happy Wife," 10s.; E. B., 1s.; "Thankful" (Portishead), £1; Anon. (Reading), 2s.; E. H. D., 2s.; J. H., 6d.; Mrs. G. (Wimbledon Park), 10s.; "One Ninth," 3½d.; "Mac," 5s.; "If" (Devon), 1s.; "Ignoramus," 2s.; Mrs. A. J. H., parcel; "A Ninth," 2s. 3d.; "Lex. Delph," 2s.; W. A. R., 6d.; "Thos," 2s.; Mrs. T. (Perth), 5s.; N. S. H., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. K. F. S., 2s. 6d.; C. E. W., 1s.; J. H., 6d.; R. H., 2s. 6d.; R. J. D., 1s. 6d.; A. W., 1s. 3d.; "An Englishman," 6d.; "Govan," 2s.; "Hard Luck," 6d.; "Hamish," 1s.; M. J. W., £1; H. B. O., parcel; O. V. G., 10s.; S. M., 2s.; "Andtop," 2s. 6d.; W. S. (Malta), 10s.; W. A., 1s.; H. S., 1s.; "Nobody," 2s. 6d.; M. B., 6d.; Anon. (Leyton), 10d.; "Tryer," 4d.; W. J. C., 2s. 6d.; G. L. D., 2s.; D. W. (Alexandria), 10s.; "Blessed Boy," 1s.; M. C., 1s. 3d.; "A Friend," 1s.; T. M., 6d.; A. G. G., 2s. 4d.; "Dolly," 2d.; A. H. A., 2s.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

THE RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 466 (BULLETS £2,000 OFFER) WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

MORE *BULLETS* QUESTIONS ANSWERED

We take this opportunity of replying to some further *Bullets* questions, typical of those which we receive from our competitors.

Can I win one of the big prizes with a "Target" Coupon?

The First Prize has been won on many occasions by a *Bullet* submitted on a "Target" Prize coupon. Success depends entirely on the efforts themselves. Competitors should therefore bear in mind that although such attempts require no entry fee, the same care should be taken in constructing them as *Bullets* submitted on ordinary coupons.

Am I allowed to separate the two "Target" coupons and use them in differen Bullets contests?

Yes. Each coupon on a "Target" prize entitles you to two free efforts in any *Bullets* competition.

Here in Nottingham we have formed a Bullets Club, sharing the cost of entry fees and dividing up all prizes received. Can we enclose all our coupons in the same envelope?

Certainly. You will be at no disadvantage whatever in submitting your efforts in this manner, which will save you both, time and money. Moreover, the discussion and comparison of *Bullets* which such co-operation affords should prove exceedingly helpful to you.

Competitors have been warned against duplication. What is meant by duplicated efforts, and how can I avoid this fault in my own Bullets?

Duplicated efforts are those which resemble in idea and expression *Bullets* submitted by other competitors. Obvious treatment of the *Example*, such as, for instance, fitting to "Our Baby" a *Bullet* like "A 'Howling' Success," is certain to clash with other efforts. Subjects which the *Example* itself readily suggests need some fresh twist or new play to lift the *Bullet* above the rest.

Why is it that in the lists of winning Bullets, some Examples figure more than once and some not at all?

No particular significance can be attached to which Examples have produced the winning *Bullets*. These have proved successful because of their apt relation to the *Example* chosen. There are only twenty-three printed *Bullets* in each list, and some *Examples* must naturally produce cleverer efforts than others. Every *Example* does, however, bring a large number of smaller prize-winning *Bullets*, each of which has had the same opportunity of the highest awards.

I have been a labourer for many years, and my writing is not what it used to be. I often wonder whether a man in my position could win one of the big Bullets prizes?

Your occupation will not in any way affect your opportunity of success in *Bullets*, for we neither know nor have any concern with the trade or profession of our competitors. Amongst the most recent First Prize-winners, for instance, are to be found a stonemason, a grocer, a railway clerk, an engineer, a draper's assistant, a Post Office employee and a signalman. If your writing is legible and you can express your ideas simply and directly, you are as likely to carry off a big *Bullets* prize as any other competitor.

BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE £1,000

10 £5 — 2nd Prize £100 — 3rd Prize £50 — 200 5/-

10 £210 — 100 Prizes of £1 — 1000 2/6 — 5000

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 469.

BALDWIN'S SLOGAN
BY THE SEA
MY HOLIDAY
DOMESTIC PROBLEM
WORLD'S CHAMPION
IN REAL LIFE
SUMMER FASHIONS
RUNNING A RISK
BIG ASSET
YOUNG MAN'S FANCY
A FLUTTER
ON THE PARADE
THE FOREMAN
OUT OF POCKET
OLD LOVE
WHAT MATTERS MOST
LOCKED UP
IN OUR HOUSE
TASTELESS
WHAT TOMMY SAID
HER FIRST
NOT MUCH USE
ANOTHER MAN
AT THE HELM
THE BEST
UP TO ANYTHING
UNEXPECTED
A BURGLAR
LITTLE AND GOOD
LOOKING ugly
BETTER EMPLOYED
BATHING
WRONG TASK
NOBLE DEED
AN ACTRESS
HOT AND COLD
RUNNING STREAM
GRANDMA'S WAY
BRIGHT SPOT
SOCIETY LION

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, **EACH** of which can **begin with any letter in the alphabet.** These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—OUR BABY *Bullet*:—AND FRANCE'S GIANT—AVIATION. *Example*:—YOUNG MOTHER *Bullet*:—FINDS "KEEPING YOUNG" DIFFICULT. *Example*:—RISKY MOVE *Bullet*:—SECRET SOCIETY ADMITS WOMAN. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 469, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 12.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(469) P.O. No.
"I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, July 12.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(469) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, July 12.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(469) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, July 12.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(469) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 469.

WITCHING WAVES FLAPPER'S HOLIDAY THE OPEN ROAD PRECIOUS LITTLE STUNTED SAVING UP BEST FRIEND ON THE LINE LAST DANCE LOST AND FOUND HELP NEEDED GAY SPARK FIRST WOMAN NAUGHTY KEPT QUIET USEFUL HYDROKIE TELLING RIDE TO HEAR THEODORE FELLOW

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 12th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **469** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 469, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 469.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 469 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

Live by the Sea

IN YOUR OWN HOME ON YOUR OWN FREEHOLD LAND AT

PEACEHAVEN

"THE SUSSEX SEASIDE GARDEN CITY OF AMAZING GROWTH"

£1 SECURES YOU AN OPTION ON A FREEHOLD BUILDING PLOT IN THE HARBOUR HEIGHTS ESTATE, OR A QUARTER, HALF OR ACRE PLOT IN THE VALLEY ESTATE, OR AGAIN ON A SITE FOR A SEASIDE HOME IN THE BUILT UP PORTION OF PEACEHAVEN.

FREEHOLD LAND AS AN INVESTMENT ON THE VALLEY ESTATES.

WHAT undoubtedly is the finest proposition ever placed within your reach is that now being offered on the Valley Estates which form part of the great Peacehaven section of the South Downs.

The Valley Estate commands magnificent views of the Ouse Valley, adjoins the Brighton Road passing through the Estate and is within a few minutes of the Golf Links. Freehold Land on the original Peacehaven Estate close by has increased 300 per cent. in value during the past eighteen months, and those fortunate enough to acquire plots in the Valley Estate, will undoubtedly reap a substantial benefit from their property owing to our scheme of quick development.

SIZE OF PLOTS.

The Freehold Land in our Valley Estate is sold in quarter, half, and one Acre Plots. Every plot offered for sale is properly surveyed You are under no obligation to build until you desire to do so, but Ideal Homes can be built when you are ready from materials on the spot at minimum prices. Free deeds, no legal charges and no other expenses.

PRICES OF PLOTS vary according to size and position.

THE FERTILITY OF THE SOIL is wonderful—a rich, natural possession. The flavour and size of the vegetables and other produce grown on the Estate are remarkable, and some magnificent results have been obtained. Success depends entirely upon your own individual effort and inclinations, and whether you go in for Small Fruit Growing, Poultry and Bee-keeping, or Small Holdings, you can easily make a secure income a certainty, besides which your investment will bring you a handsome return for your capital outlay. Brighton, Lewes, Seaford and Newhaven markets are within easy distance, and London is only 58 miles from the Estate.

THE AIR is invigorating, health promoting, and you get the maximum of sunshine.

FREEHOLD LAND ON THE HARBOUR HEIGHTS ESTATE.

Freehold Land on the Harbour Heights Estate will treble and quadruple in value. Here you can secure, for £25, plots of building land absolutely Freehold, which is not less than 2,500 superficial feet in extent. Owing to its elevation the plots are particularly valuable on this Estate for building purposes, and command magnificent views over the Sea and Downs. You have maximum sunshine in one of the sunniest spots on the South Coast.

THE EXTENT OF PEACEHAVEN.

Although not yet three years old, the Peacehaven Estates extend over an area of nearly five square miles and have a frontage of almost five miles in length. They stretch from the right bank of the River Ouse, in the neighbourhood of Newhaven, up to the quaint old village of Rottingdean, close to Brighton. Peacehaven is the epitome of the greatest Seaside land development scheme ever undertaken in this country.

What SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER says about PEACEHAVEN.

In a recent issue of the "Daily Chronicle" Sir John said:—"I made inquiries about the folk who were settling at Peacehaven: people who had retired from business and wanted a healthy home by the seashore. . . . Professional men who want a place where their families can stay in the bad months, and whom they can join at the week-ends—and I was rejoiced to find that not a few of my shrewd friends had purchased plots ostensibly to build a seaside cottage upon and then yielded to the temptation of selling the ground within a few months for twice the money they gave for it. . . . It struck me that everything is done to retain the beauty of the Downs. The Bungalows are mostly detached, and rest contentedly on the uplands, with their bits of gardens, and in many cases with Cornish rustic slate, so that the colours seem to blend with the landscape. . . . Yes, Peacehaven, the garden city by the sea, is one of the most remarkable places in the world. . . . I found the Peacehaveners a happy, jolly community, very proud of their infant prodigy of a garden city."

PEACEHAVEN'S COSY HOMES.

Peacehaven homes are snug and cosy. They will all be supplied with Electric light and water by Peacehaven Companies, and are in very great demand. Standing on their own Freehold Land, some of these delightful Peacehaven homes are ready for immediate occupation, and, provided with modern conveniences, can be purchased for as low as £400 inclusive.

PEACEHAVEN'S POTENT POINTS.

1. Peacehaven possesses up-to-date Shops, Restaurants and Tea Rooms.
2. It has its Churches, Schools, Dancing Pavilion, Banks! Theatres (in the making), its Journal "The Peacehaven Post," and its Social and Literary Societies.
3. **EXCELLENT SANITATION**, fulfilling all local Council requirements.
4. **WONDERFUL CHALK CLIFFS** rise to a height of from 50 to 150 feet above sea-level.
5. **STEPS** have been cut through the great cliffs to the Beach, where there are caves and sands for bathing.
6. **MANY FACILITIES FOR SPORT** in the Parks already provided, or in course of preparation. There are also Tennis Courts, and the Peacehaven Golf Course will shortly be available for play.
7. **BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES** await enterprising tradesmen, business people, and all professional men.

HOTEL PEACEHAVEN.—During your visit stay at the Hotel Peacehaven, the loveliest hotel on the South Coast. Beautiful Italian Gardens. Excellent Cuisine. Fully licensed. Terms moderate.

HOW TO GET TO PEACEHAVEN.

1. Travel by train from Victoria or London Bridge to Brighton, and thence by 'bus from the Aquarium to Peacehaven; or
2. Travel by train from Victoria or London Bridge to Newhaven Town Station, where the Company's motor-cars will meet you by request, or where you can take a 'bus to Peacehaven.

FILL UP THIS COUPON AND SECURE YOUR PEACEHAVEN PLOT TO-DAY.

To the South Coast Land and Resort Co., Ltd., Peacehaven, Sussex.

A. **Forward me the full facts about Peacehaven. FREE.**

B. Herewith I send remittance of £1 for an option on a site on the Harbour Heights or Peacehaven Estate. I send this money on the understanding that the total cost of the site will not exceed £25 and that I shall receive the Deeds with full title to the land in my own name and that the area of same will not be less than 2,500 superficial feet. It is to be understood that I have the right to pay the balance of the purchase price in twelve monthly payments at the rate of £2 per month and to pick out my site from any available of the same price, should I choose to inspect within one month from that date. It is also to be understood that in the event of my deciding not to purchase after inspection that the £1 now sent will be returned to me without deduction of any kind.

C. I desire to secure a quarter, half, or full acre plot, at prices according to size and position, on the Valley Estate, to be selected after inspection, for which I enclose £1 as option money.

(Strike out the paragraph or lines that do not interest you.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

30/6/23. "JOHN BULL."

POST THIS COUPON TO:

THE SOUTH COAST LAND & RESORT CO., Ltd., Peacehaven, SUSSEX.

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